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TWO WHOLE SHEETS } SIXPENCE.
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Dr. Jameson. Sir J. Willoughby. Major R. White.

Major R. Grey. Colonel H. F. White.

Major Coventry.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PRONOUNCING SENTENCE ON DR. JAMESON AND HIS OFFICERS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The habit of smoking, though it is directly antagonistic to that of drinking, has some quite as eccentric records; indeed, the pipe has received (very fitly) more incense from its admirers than the glass, and their adoration has taken the queerest shapes. A competition took place the other day at Lille among no less than fifty smokers, in which the prize was given to quickness of consumption; almost as senseless a feat as that of drinking four bottles of iced champagne in ten minutes, which was performed about the same date in Russia: it cost the toper his life, which was probably not of much consequence, but the wine, of course, was wasted. One can hardly think that tobacco could have been enjoyed an ounce and three-quarters of which was consumed in thirteen minutes, which was the "record" of the winner. The second prizeman took twenty minutes, and a good many of the competitors—a just punishment for the abuse of one of Nature's gifts—seem to have made themselves very unwell by their rapid inhalation.

Klaes, the merchant of Rotterdam, was called the King of the Smokers, from his devotion to the gentle weed, and he had a right regal funeral. By the terms of his will, every smoker who chose to attend it was presented with ten pounds of tobacco and two Dutch pipes, on which were engraved the name, arms, and date of the decease of the testator. All his guests were invited to be careful to keep their pipes alight during the funeral ceremonies, and to empty their ashes into the grave. His oak coffin was lined with the cedar of his old Havana cigar-boxes, and a packet of old Dutch tobacco was placed at the foot of his coffin. His favourite pipe was laid by his side along with a box of matches, as well as flint and steel and some tinder, as he had expressed an opinion that "there was no knowing what might happen." Some anti-tobacconists of the period seem to have wickedly remarked that these precautions about procuring a light would be found superfluous.

I am glad to see that the law has recently put a stop to a very bigoted and indeed malignant clause in the will of an anti-tobacco leaguer in Ireland. This gentleman had a prejudice against smoking, perhaps because it made him sick, and inserted this paragraph in his last testament: "I have told my sons, John, Richard, and Samuel, that if they indulge in the habit they would forfeit £500 each, to be divided among their sisters, and should they at any time begin this habit, their sisters may sue them each for £500." A more certain means of causing dissension and bad blood among his offspring this prejudiced old person could scarcely have hit upon, and the Court very properly decreed the stipulation void.

"Much excitement," we are told, has been caused in one of our seaports by the marriage of a person with an unfortunately disfigured face and a blind woman. It is written about as something quite unparalleled and rather shocking. For my part, I see nothing to be deplored in it, and wonder that such unions are not more common. Little is said against marriages in which habitual drunkenness and even still worse tendencies are known to exist in the parents of one or other of the parties, whereas neither personal ugliness nor the loss of eyesight is hereditary. Moreover, it does not involve that waste of comeliness which the marriage of a beautiful woman with a blind man always seems to be. Unless someone is brutal enough to tell the bride—and, unhappily, there are persons boorish enough to do so—she is free to think her swain an Adonis. A very charming story in a book I read the other day by an American lady novelist takes a marriage of this very kind for its subject, and the blind wife lives and dies in this state of happy ignorance.

In a recent interesting essay upon Luck in Politics, it seems to be held that popular favour is affected by the accomplishments of a leader outside his political sphere, and even suggests that the suspicion that "Mr. Balfour's golfing is but so-so, and his cycling positively dangerous," mitigates the public estimation in which he is held. The effect upon the public mind of Lord Rosebery's success at Epsom is also instanced as a proof of how good fortune in one thing is associated with good guidance in another. This may be true as regards politics, but is certainly the reverse of the fact in literature, where the "Admirable Crichton" has always been at a disadvantage. Even in matters so near akin as prose and verse, it is not conducive to literary reputation that a writer should be distinguished in both branches. Southey, it will be remembered, bitterly complains that one of the causes why his poetry (of the excellence of which, it is true, he had an exaggerated idea) was not properly appreciated was that he had won for himself (and very justly) so high a place as a prose-writer; and though it is easy for the present generation, which for him is posterity, to assign a better reason, it had, no doubt, something to do with it. Dr. Johnson's poetry suffered from the same cause, and also Lord Lytton's, whose "New Timon," for example, would certainly have taken a higher place in public estimation had he not been so popular a story teller. Sir Walter Scott, it is true, seems to be an exception, yet the admiration for his poetry distinctly waned when his fame

as a novelist became established. Even in Sheridan's case—

The Orator-Dramatist-Minstrel, who ran
Through each mode of the lyre and was master of all,

it is probable that while an unparalleled example of Protean genius would have been lost to us, his name, had he confined himself to one of them, would have been still greater than it is. It is only very few of us who can afford to give away with both hands. To minds not of the very highest order, concentration is indeed not only the attribute most necessary to success, but one that is most esteemed by its worshippers. The most popular lawyers and physicians of our day are examples of this; generally speaking, it is only when they have given up practice that they permit their minds a little expansion in other than professional directions.

It is suggested in a lady's journal that restaurants should be instituted with waiters authorised to refuse to serve customers with dainty dishes that are known to be indigestible. This is, one fears, a counsel of perfection. It is not surprising that it should have emanated from the quarter in question, because women care much less about eating and drinking than men do, and are therefore less disinclined to self-sacrifice. They have certain unwholesome tastes of their own, especially for cake and the hateful meals entitled "high" or "meat teas"; but these are not supplied at restaurants, and only found, out of the home circle, at tea-gardens. I think if the waiters were waitresses, themselves of a dainty and wholesome type, they would have a better chance of being listened to by the male gourmand. The idea, of course, is not novel; Eastern kings have still their tasters, whose duty, however, is a little different, as they have to experiment upon themselves, and sometimes with results that cannot fail to be a warning to any monarch, however gluttonous. This could still be done with accomplished actresses, who, after a spoonful of dressed crab or lobster mayonnaise—which there is medical authority for denouncing as "perfect poison"—could flop down on the floor and be carried off in convulsions; but such stage effects would probably make little impression on epicures, and very likely be ascribed to alcohol. The physician of Sancho Panza, it will be remembered, took these proposed precautions at the table of his employer, but was very far from giving satisfaction. I recollect reading many years ago an account of the Mansion House dinners, where an adviser of this kind, it affirmed, could be hired by a prudent guest for the sum of seven-and-sixpence. Whether the narrative was fact or fiction I cannot at this distance of time recall, but it professed to give in detail a personal experience of his ministrations. He was represented as standing behind his employer's chair with a wand with which he waved away the more unwholesome dishes; a sort of cross between Dr. Pedro Rezio of Barataria and the boy Bailey at Mrs. Todgers' with his "Don't touch none of him." One may not have much hope of benefit from sanitary waiters and yet wish their efforts success, for there is no doubt that in our vehement attacks against drinking to excess we have overlooked the evils, almost as great, which result from over-eating; the majority of us are, after all, by no means in the condition of that victim to liquor described by his wife as having "no appetite, though his drinkitite was as good as ever." Our menus are too long, and we partake of them too freely.

The complaints so often made against the Post Office have, I suppose, some substratum of fact, although it must be remembered that when the aggrieved persons find that they, and not the Post Office, are to blame, we never hear of it. They have not the moral courage to confess that the letter was not posted at all, but was inside their blotting-book, or that dear John (always so careful) entrusted with it a week ago, found it in his coat pocket, where, like Mrs. Bouncer, "he had kept it carefully ever since." If the Post Office is so little to be trusted (a statement wholly contrary to my own experience) why do not the senders of these documents—which as soon as they are lost have the peculiarity of becoming priceless—take a little more care about them? Is twopence (the cost of registering) too much to pay for their insurance? There is no class of people so little given to "make sure" as the owners of manuscripts which having disappeared, we are informed, "will take them twelve months to replace." Most of them are typewritten, yet the author omits to have a duplicate taken, an operation which only adds a shilling or two to the cost. Their motto seems to be "Take care of the pence," though to judge from their own showing the pounds do not take care of themselves, but find their grave in the letter-box.

A riverside clergyman has placed a welcome on his church door to all in flannels or boating costume, whether ladies or gentlemen, so that in his neighbourhood at least the aquatic world will not have the excuse for not going to church that they have "nothing to go in." This is an action on the part of the clergy that ought to have been taken long ago. They have diminished their own congregations by silently acquiescing in the conventional view of worship adopted by Society, that you must not go to church except in a tall hat, which has to be removed,

by-the-bye, as soon as you enter it. Whence this cult originated it is difficult to say, but it is very ancient; perhaps the tall hat was worn for the same reason that women are told to wear bonnets, "because of the angels." Yet it seems strange that the angels should care about such things, however dear they may be to Mrs. Grundy. We shall now, no doubt, see invitations to bicyclists in club costume issued by our ecclesiastics, and why not? The idea, of course, is borrowed from the famous Methodist address to the very poor: "Come naked, come bare; you can't (let us say) be too personally unattractive, come just as you air." And it is a very good idea.

A doubtful triumph for vivisection is heralded from New York. An experiment is about to be made upon the brain of a person in a lunatic asylum. It is thought to be decaying, and it is intended to remove it. The encouragement for this operation is derived from the result of experiments on the brains of dogs. In one case the poor creature has lived a month, in another three months, in another fifteen. They only lose the sense of smell and hearing, and can even recover their balance. Their temper remains and resents teasing, which, after what they have suffered, is certainly remarkable. The benefit to humanity resulting from their torture seems problematical. If the trial is successful, the patient may live for years, although, of course, without intellect of any kind. One would really think that these scientific professors had been already operated upon.

In old times there were no commercial novels. Stock and share were supposed to be beneath the dignity of fiction, but now we have plenty of them. There is romance enough to be found in the City, if you know where to look for it, and roguery which does not need that qualification—it presses upon the observer's attention. Indeed, making every allowance for the imagination of the story teller, if one half of these narratives are to be trusted, there are not many centres of commerce in which more righteous men can be found than in the City of the Plain. The mantle of the lawyers, as it used to be described in fiction, seems to have been transferred to the members of the commercial world, and, like charity, though by no means with the happy result of hiding them, covers a multitude of sins. Fortunately, the novelists have generally taken America as the scene of the misdeeds of business men. Mr. Marion Crawford gives us a sad account of the proceedings of the millionaires of New York; and Mr. Vachell, in his "Quicksands of Pactolus" has done the same ungrateful office for those in California. Rufus Barrington is a banker in San Francisco, not without some fine qualities, but whose principles arrange themselves under two heads: first, that "you must not stub your toes against facts"; and, secondly, that "it is a fact in business that a man must consider No. 1. before No. 2." He has a son Henry, who thoroughly agrees with these dogmas, and another son, Dick, who has a turn for literature (the novelists seldom fail to give their brethren "a leg up" in morals), and is inclined to call "an operation" that has fraud for its basis by a less complimentary name. The contest between the banker and his younger son (whom he loves dearly) is admirably described. A rogue comes in when the two are together and proposes a swindle: the old man does not discourage him, and, when Dick presently expresses his astonishment at the parental proceedings, observes: "Pennypacker is a useful man. I am not responsible for what he says or does. I claim no higher motives than self-interest. I pose before the world, but I do not pose before my son"; his voice softened, "any misconception as to motives between you and me would be absurd. In business I come into daily-hourly-contact with such men as Pennypacker. I use them, and so must you." The young gentleman from Harvard objects to all this. Mrs. Barrington is a well-drawn portrait, of which we have few copies in England, a kindly, but feeble-minded woman who, having lost her faith, has embraced some nebulous theology; while her daughter is her antipodes, with a high spirit that sees her through a terrible matrimonial experience. There is not much incident in the tale, but a good deal of interest. Its main feature, however, is the exposure of the business world, especially among the circles of high finance. There are also some general observations upon the social condition of America, which Mr. Richard Barrington cannot be accused of "cracking up." It is, he tells us, the Age of Slop—

We have excellent laws, poorly administered. A conviction following the crime of murder in the first degree seldom results in a hanging. Why? Because of sickly public sentiment, or, in other words, slop! Flogging brutes who can only feel physical pain is out of date—slop again! Flowers are sent to wife-beaters and highwaymen before their conviction—slop once more! Bribery and political corruption have made our name a byword. What is the reason? Laws bad? Not a bit of it. Public sentiment tacitly approves because the public morality has no backbone to it. It is nourished on slop. Our small boys are killing themselves with cigarette-smoking. Why? Because their fond mothers don't birch them. Slop, nothing but slop!"

Among other Quicksands of Pactolus, there is a capital account of a run on a bank. The story is quite on different lines from the same author's "Model of Christian Gay," but is quite as good in its way.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE IMPRISONED RAIDERS.

Last week we recorded the terms of imprisonment to which the Lord Chief Justice sentenced Dr. Jameson and his colleagues in the raid. The scene which our Artist depicts on our front page was a very impressive one; for the dignity of the three Judges on the bench hardly surpassed that of the six defendants themselves, as they stood in row to hear their fate. Soldiers five, with their civilian leader, they made a group difficult to beat in good looks, and their bearing was brave as it should be without so much as a suspicion of show-off or the insolence of indifference. To the Lord Chief Justice's conduct of the case the verdict was no doubt due; but even those who, on sentimental reasons, would have hailed a possible loophole for the raiders in a dissentient juryman, were obliged to admit that the interests of national and international law would have suffered a shock by any triumph of personal feeling over the strict legal rights and wrongs of the case. The raiders themselves have accepted this view; and if they resented their removal from the prison at Holloway to that at Wormwood Scrubs, and the apparent intention to degrade as well as confine them, that resentment was shared by public opinion, the almost universal expression of which in the Press led the Home Secretary to order them to be treated as first-class misdemeanants, and to be sent back to Holloway, where they now are. Although now clothed in their own garments, and allowed considerable liberty as to food and to books, the prisoners, of course, suffer great restrictions, including the supervision of their correspondence and the limitation of their callers; and, unlike some of the writers of paragraphs in the newspapers, they refuse to regard their detention in any light fashion, or as anything but the very serious sequel to a solemn trial of acts that were disastrous in their consequences, and might have been far more disastrous still.

LI-HUNG-CHANG IN ENGLAND.

The arrival in London, on Sunday, of the Envoy Extraordinary of the Chinese Empire, the celebrated old Eastern Asiatic statesman Li-Hung-Chang, formerly Viceroy of the Province of Tientsing and Grand Imperial Secretary of State, whose personality has excited greater interest among the European nations than that of anybody else of his race, invites us to follow his movements with some attention. It is hardly to be expected that, at the age of seventy-three, he should, after his return to China, be enabled to carry into effect all the suggestions of administrative reform which his sagacity may have drawn from observation of the chief countries of Europe. He is a man already enlightened and well-informed to a degree probably far beyond the amount of any power that he may actually have exercised, serving a Court in which the influence of female relatives of the Sovereign and other favourites must be a continual obstacle to schemes of improvement. Nor can it be certainly relied upon that Li-Hung's colleagues and successors will adopt his views to such an extent as to arrest the manifest decline of internal force and stability, which places China in a position of much danger in the presence of two powerful and ambitious neighbours, Russia and Japan, and has lately exposed her to a humiliating military defeat. The political and commercial results of this weakening process, in the case of such a vast dominion with such an enormous population, must be of great importance to mankind. It is scarcely possible that the individual efforts of Li-Hung-Chang should accomplish a recovery of its former position in the Eastern world. Not the less readily will merit be ascribed to his loyal and patriotic attempts both to acquire special knowledge and to exercise diplomatic talents in personal intercourse with men of the governing class at the capitals of Western nations, for the advantage of his own country. If ever his remarks upon all that he has seen and heard in Europe should be recorded and published, they would certainly be most interesting and instructive.

Leaving Paris on Saturday morning, Li-Hung-Chang went to Havre, where President Faure was staying at his own home. Li-Hung-Chang passed the day mainly in viewing the ship-builders' yards and some artillery practice. He remained at M. Faure's house till Sunday morning, and then crossed the Channel to Southampton, where he landed in the afternoon, and was received by the Deputy-Mayor, the Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, and the Dock Superintendent. A special train brought him to London, and at seven o'clock in the evening he reached the house, in Carlton House Terrace, which has been assigned for his accommodation. The Chinese flag is displayed over the balcony. His Excellency, being somewhat fatigued, kept himself quiet

on Monday, but had a drive in Hyde Park. On Tuesday he visited Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office, and saw the House of Commons sitting. He went to Cowes on Wednesday, was received by the Queen at Osborne, and saw the review of the Channel fleet. Li-Hung-Chang is accompanied by his sons, Viscount Li and Tao-Lai-Li, and by several Chinese official attendants. Mr. B. C. Scott, the British Consul at Swatow, and Mr. James Hart are appointed by our Government to wait upon him in this country.

THE CRETAN INSURRECTION.

European diplomacy seems at this moment to be embarrassed with divided opinions respecting the expediency of a joint naval blockade of the shores of Crete for the prevention of volunteer assistance or the supply of arms and ammunition from the neighbouring kingdom of Greece. It is stated that, so lately as July 28, two hundred and fifty Greeks, with warlike material, landed on the coast near Candia, and that two steamers, conveying fresh reinforcements, have arrived on the southern side of the island. The Government of Athens continues to prohibit such actions, and to announce stringent repressive measures, but appears too weak for effectually guarding against the excursions, by land and sea, of its subjects inspired with national enthusiasm seeking an outlet both in the Macedonian territory, contending there with Bulgarians as well as Turks, and in aiding the Cretan revolt. What kind of a Foreign Enlistment Act there may be in Greece, and how it could be enforced, we are scarcely prepared to explain. At Constantinople the Porte continues to find in this situation of affairs the readiest excuse for declining to make further concessions to the rebellious islanders, and still replies to every demand made by the

ruined tower. The castle still has traces of its Norman origin, but the old edifice which Malcolm of Scotland besieged, to his own death, in 1093, and which David of Scotland captured in 1135, which William the Lion besieged in 1174, and King John fired in 1215, is not to be recognised in the castle that now stands. This was the result of the great rebuilding that took place in the last half of the last century, and to this an addition—the Prudhoe Tower—was made as lately as 1854. Altogether, the castle of to-day covers nearly five acres of earth, and has sixteen towers and turrets rising proudly into space. The private chapel of the castle, though Early English in style, has an interior ornamented by marbles and mosaics brought from Rome, and Italian and other craftsmen have covered parts of the castle with wood-carving. Local and family history is illustrated by these panels, as well as by the frieze of the grand staircase, which depicts the feats of Chevy Chase, beloved of the balladmonger. The banqueting-hall, in which the present Duke has more than once dispensed hospitality to members of learned societies visiting Northumberland and others, is sixty feet long, and every inch of it baronial. The ruins of Hulne Abbey, as well as of Alnwick Abbey, are in the castle grounds, together with a cross to mark the spot where Malcolm of Scotland fell, and a monument to signalise the defeat of William the Lion. The Brisley Tower—built when the new castle was finished in 1762—gives a vantage of sixty feet to anyone who wants a bird's-eye view of this picturesque portion of Northumberland.

THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES.

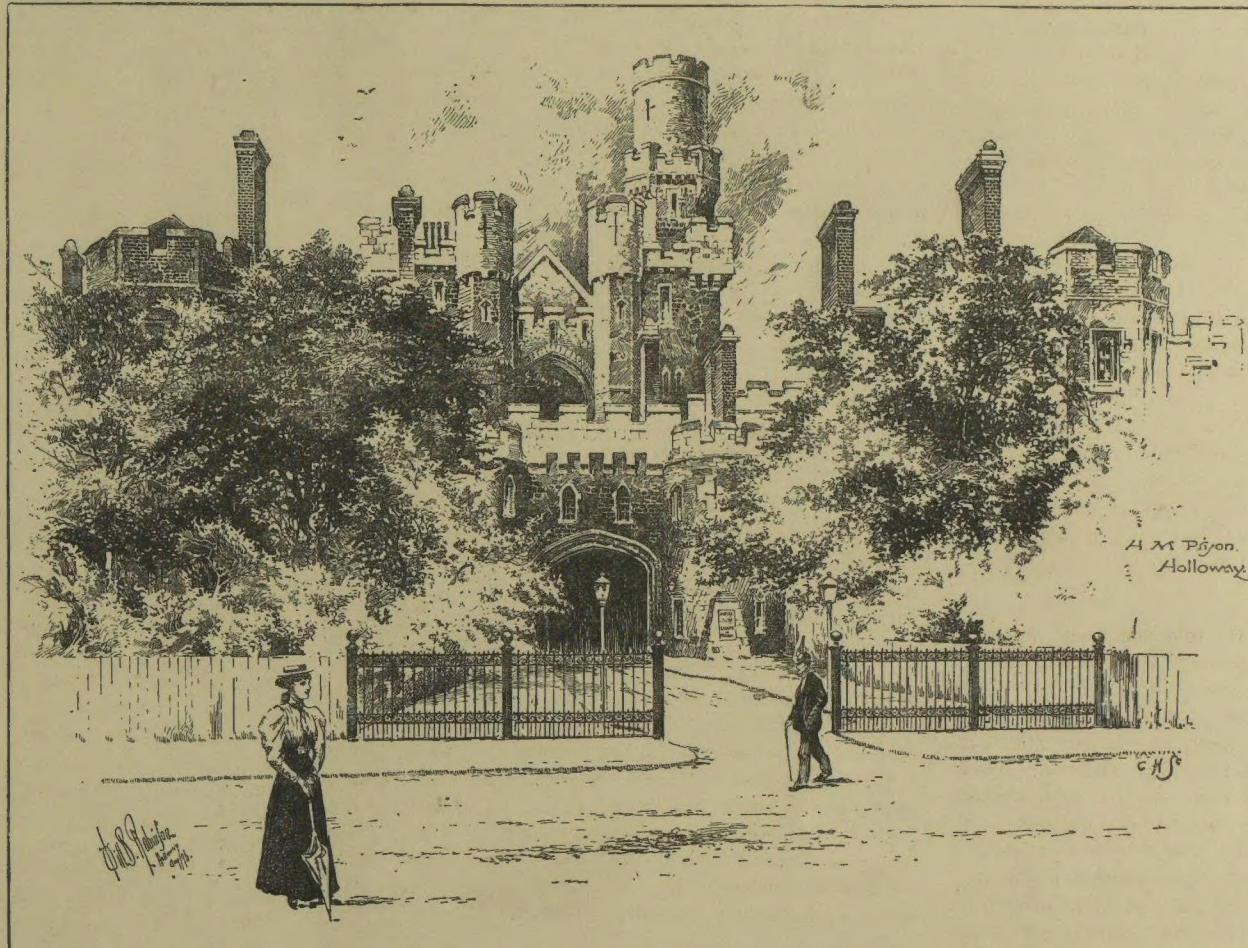
Without any actual meeting and hostile engagement of the opposed fleets, consisting of the Channel Fleet and the Reserve, commanded respectively by Vice-Admirals Lord Walter Kerr and E. H. Seymour, the programme of manoeuvres has been executed by Admiral Seymour's successful performance of moving his two squadrons from St. George's Channel to Lough Swilly, on the north coast of Ireland, eluding the pursuit of his antagonist, who had gone round by Bantry Bay and the west coast, and had encountered adverse weather. It was early on Thursday morning, July 30, that Lord Walter Kerr's fleet arrived off the entrance to the Lough, having been four days at sea from Kingstown, Dublin Bay, and was just in time to see the Reserve fleet entering that harbour of safety. It has been observed that the battle-ships and powerful cruisers have not encountered one another upon this occasion at any point during the manoeuvres; but there was a conflict of torpedo-boats with a cruiser at dawn on the morning of July 28 off the Loughs Light at the Land's End, of which we give an illustration. The torpedo-boats of the Reserve fleet, under Lieutenant - Commander Barry, of the *Seagull*, the torpedo-training boat at Portsmouth, fell in with the hostile cruiser *Thetis*, Captain Ridell. The boats separated to attack the cruiser from all sides, but so excellently was she manoeuvred that several torpedoes were avoided. Eventually No. 79 succeeded in torpedoing her on the starboard quarter at a short range, and the career of the *Thetis* was over. No. 79 torpedo-boat is one of Prince George of Wales's "old ships." The other boats in the attack were Nos. 49, 64, 66, 76, and 84.

THE TRIAL OF MAJOR LOTHaire.

The Court of Appeal at Brussels of the Congo Free State, which has the headquarters of its administration seated in Belgium, is now engaged in a new trial of the charge against Major Lothaire, the officer who hanged Mr. Charles Stokes, an English trader in Central Africa, by court-martial sentence, for supplying arms and ammunition to certain Arab slave-trading chiefs then at war with the Congo Free State. This took place more than a year and a half ago; complaints were subsequently made that the action of Major Lothaire was illegal, and was, in fact, a crime amounting to murder, for which he was tried by the ordinary Court of the Congo Free State at Boma, and acquitted. An appeal was lodged by Mr. Arthur, the British Consul at Boma, on May 25, and the higher Court at Brussels is, therefore, charged with a new trial. It began on Monday last, before the Judges, M. de Volder, ex-Minister of Justice in Belgium, and Messrs. Dejder and Wiener, assessors. M. Paul Hymans, deputy Public Prosecutor, conducted the case. Lord Vaux of Harrowden, Secretary to the British Legation, was present at the trial. Evidence was given about the trial and execution of Mr. Stokes, at Lindi in January 1895, and the statements made by Major Lothaire at Boma, and by a witness, Dr. Michaux, the only other European present at the court-martial. The speeches of counsel on both sides were made on Tuesday and Wednesday, and the Court might pass judgment next day.

ALNWICK CASTLE.

Alnwick is a "town" and a "township"—two different things, it seems—a "parish," and a "castle." Most of all it is the last. Charming enough in itself, to be sure, and absolute in its contrast to its great neighbour, Newcastle-on-Tyne, some thirty to forty miles away, the little "town on the Aln" is nevertheless dominated by the castle of the Duke of Northumberland. It stands with the little tributary town all about it—hardly sheltered from the houses that have gathered round the skirts of the noble Park. The townsfolk have free entry to the adjacent grounds, glorious in their timber, and illuminated by five miles of river. The very churches of the town seem to have a certain affiliation to the castle. St. Michael's was restored by a Duke of Northumberland at a cost of £6000, and even the gateway of the old abbey bears the battered shield of the Percys upon its



HOLLOWAY PRISON, THE TEMPORARY HOME OF DR. JAMESON AND HIS OFFICERS.



M. DE VOLDEE,
President of the Court of Appeal.

M. SAM WIENER,
One of the Judges of the Court of Appeal, Recapitulating the Case.

BARON DE BETHUNE,
Secretary of the Superior Court.

M. GRAUX,
Major Lothaire's Counsel.

MAJOR LOTHIRE.

THE SECOND TRIAL OF MAJOR LOTHIRE BEFORE THE COURT OF APPEAL OF THE SUPERIOR COUNCIL OF THE CONGO STATE AT BRUSSELS.



ARRIVAL OF HIS EXCELLENCY LI-HUNG-CHANG AT SOUTHAMPTON.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Horace Plunkett may justly plume himself on the success of his Recess Committee. This body was formed by a conjunction of Irish Unionists and Parnellites, Nationalists holding aloof; and Mr. Plunkett's object was to see whether Irishmen of widely different opinions on general political issues could not combine to suggest something practical for the industrial benefit of Ireland. The Committee has surprised the world by drawing up a unanimous report, the chief recommendation of which is the appointment of an Irish Board of Agriculture. Such a department, liberally conducted, might have the effect of consolidating Irish parties in non-political work.

One of the most deeply deplored of the recent deaths from cholera among the officers and men of the force now engaged in the advance towards Dongola, under the command of the Sirdar, is that of Surgeon-Captain Trask, who succumbed to the insidious epidemic at Kosheh on July 25, after doing yeoman service in alleviating the sufferings of those already stricken with the malady, and in checking its increase. The entire medical staff has rendered most valuable assistance since the expedition began, and no one of its officers has won greater credit than Captain Trask, who displayed a notable hardihood and a particularly cool promptitude in attending the wounded, under heavy fire, in the battle of Ferket. Surgeon-Captain John Ernest Trask, who was thirty-four years of age, was a son of the late Mr. James Trask, of Bath, a member of the Local Government Board. He spent his earlier years at Bath and at the Bristol Medical School, and, after being for some time House Surgeon of the Royal United Hospital, entered the Army Medical Staff nine years ago. He subsequently served in India for nearly five years, returning home in the summer of last year, but only to leave England again in the autumn on his appointment to the Egyptian army. Captain Trask was a well-known cricketer, and when in India was largely responsible for the institution of the inter-Presidency matches.

The death of the baby cormorant of St. James's Park is deeply regretted by the whole community. This interesting bird was found dead in an aviary, and is supposed to have accidentally choked himself. Considering the proverbial greed of the cormorant there is poetical justice in this end. The predecessor of the baby cormorant was found drowned, having, it was surmised, fallen out of the nest into the lake. It was on this account that the new member of the cormorant family was taken to an aviary, where a remorseless fate pursued him. The cormorants inhabit a rock on the lake of St. James's Park. What the parent birds think of their youngster's sad destiny has not been ascertained even by the ubiquitous interviewer.

The memory of Bolivar is cherished so warmly by the Venezuelans that they have addressed a remonstrance to the American Government on the subject of Bolivar's statue in New York. It is not a successful statue. American artists and humorists hold it up as an awful example. The Venezuelans have been prompted by this disrespect to propose that the statue be abolished and a better one provided by a Venezuelan sculptor. But suppose this should excite the derision bestowed upon its predecessor? Such a state of things might lead to serious political complications.

The Lord Chief Justice starts on his American tour with a full knowledge of the heat he is going to encounter, and without any dread of it. A hard worker all this term, he has been looking forward to this holiday as a much needed change of scene and occupation. Yet, for a moment, his start at the date fixed upon seemed in jeopardy. This was during the Jameson trial, when one of the jury was very generally picked out by Judges, by counsel, and even by unpractised spectators as likely to "disagree" from his fellows. As a matter of fact he did hold out almost to the end; and but for the solemn direction of the Bench that the jury's answers to the questions of fact put by the Lord Chief Justice did really constitute a verdict of "guilty," the necessary unanimity of judgment would have been wanting. In that case the Lord Chief Justice, instead of sailing for America in the second week of this month, would be occupied with a second trial at bar—a trial indeed for everyone concerned.

Mr. Balfour has been placed in an interesting dilemma by the decision of the Government to treat Dr. Jameson and his comrades as first-class misdemeanants. This is done with the general approval on the ground that these gentlemen are political offenders. Mr. Balfour refused to grant this privilege to Irish and English members of Parliament convicted under the Crimes Act. He did not regard their cases as demanding special treatment. "Never will I consent to draw a distinction," he said on one occasion, "between one class of offenders against the law and another." Ministers have consented very wisely to do this very thing, and it is unlikely that Mr. Balfour will reassert his old position.

The medical officer of the prison at Wormwood Scrubs, Dr. Patmore, between whom and Dr. Jameson a cordial recognition took place, is a son of the poet; and had Dr.

Jameson remained in that prison and been affected in health by its discipline, he would doubtless have found in his fellow-student of past times a veritable "angel in the house." Major Coventry, who was at once dispensed from the usual prison austerities, had found that a few days in court brought him severe reminders of the existence of his old wound in the back, and this despite the fact that two air-cushions modified the rigours of the ordinary wooden bench on several of the days of the trial.

It seems certain that the Earl of Glasgow will not prolong his term of office as Governor of New Zealand; and Ayrshire, where his estates lie and where in old days he did a great deal of public duty of one sort and another, is already beginning to plan the welcome it will give him on his return. Lord Glasgow himself is busy with leave-takings. He has said good-bye to the Mayor of Auckland, adding, at the same time, how much he and his family have enjoyed their stay, for the last few months, in Government House there. The Governor's other place of residence is at Wellington, where he now is; but the terms of his leave-takings at Auckland and also with a number of native chiefs lead to the general belief that he intends to return very shortly to his native land.

The wedding present sent by Leo XIII. to Princess Maud was none the less a welcome because a rather late arrival. It is a gold bracelet, thoroughly Italian in style, and set in it is a cameo, finely cut. The Pope sent the Queen a splendid mosaic on the occasion of her golden jubilee, but this is probably the first time since the Reformation that a courtesy of the kind has been shown by a Roman Pontiff to the grandchild of an English monarch. Among other wedding presents of especial interest was a curious oil painting by Gonzales, a portrait of King Christian IV. of Denmark, which was given to Princess Maud by Mr. Algernon Graves, of the firm of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., of Pall Mall.

The low price of silver during the past four or five years has inaugurated an unprecedented demand for all kinds of silver goods; and, consequently, the uses to which the metal is now put are steadily increasing. A striking example of this is furnished in the completion recently by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, London, W., to an American order, of a magnificent solid silver table-top, more than 10 ft. in circumference. Commissions such as these are sure indications that English manufacturers hold their own with all competitors, and that, although America is the great silver-producing country, and protects its manufacturers by a heavy import duty, it is still advantageous to the American buyer to purchase in England.

Bank Holiday was signalled by a speech from Mr. Gladstone at the Hawarden flower-show. It was remarked, by the way, that when he was lately in town the ex-Premier was in excellent spirits and showed no sign of mental lassitude. One of his eyes, however, appeared to be of little use to him, and he has formed the habit of closing it when engaged in conversation so as to concentrate the sight of the sound eye on his interlocutor.

Mr. Thornycroft's statue of Boadicea is still going a-begging. The sum required is two thousand pounds, and the subscriptions are a thousand short. This apathy is nationally bewailed, for the statue is an excellent piece of work, and there are several sites in London which would be all the more picturesque for such an ornament. Apparently Boadicea excites no public interest. Even the New Woman does not think it worth while to shake a collecting-box in the streets for the sake of the warrior-Queen.

Amongst the suggestions of tokens of national pride in the long reign of the Queen, there is the rather odd proposal that every large mercantile centre should present her Majesty with a battle-ship or fine cruiser. This method of strengthening the Navy is rather artless. The

The law of cycling is developing into a code. A London magistrate has decided that a policeman has a right to pull a cyclist off his bicycle when it is in full career. This procedure exposes the constable to injury, and might conceivably be fatal to the cyclist; but it is now defined as part of constabulary duty. In future the cyclist will do his best to give a policeman a wide berth. Perhaps some scientific genius will invent a safe expedient for enabling the police to pull cyclists off their machines without hurting the benevolent officials.

The marriage of Mr. Vanderbilt, eldest son of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, to Miss Grace Wilson, appears to have caused a breach in the Vanderbilt family. The original founder of that wealthy house did not lay down those conditions for his posterity which seemed just and fitting to Jay Gould. No member of the Gould family can marry without the consent of the rest. This application of the principle of government by a majority was not adopted by the Vanderbilts.

Sir William Grove, who has died at the age of eighty-five, was formerly one of the most respected Judges on the Bench. He was also one

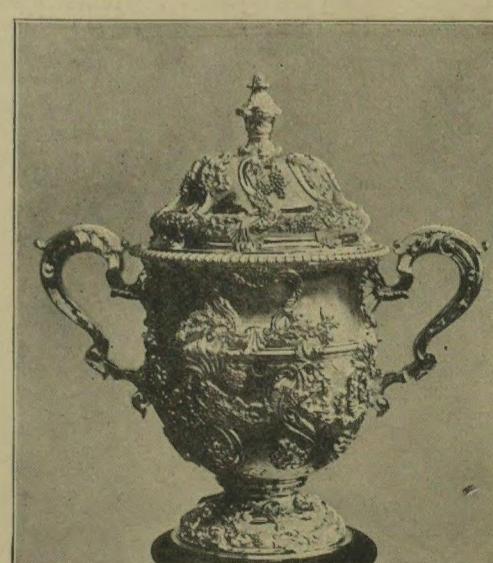
of those rare lawyers who are not absorbed in law, like actors in acting, to the exclusion of every other intellectual interest. He was a distinguished electrician, President of the British Association in 1866, and author of an essay on "The Correlation of Physical Forces,"

which is still a standard authority, though it is fifty years old. Sir William Grove was the son of Mr. John Grove, of Swansea. He graduated at Brasenose College, Oxford, and was subsequently called to the Bar. Ill-health for a period prevented him from following his profession, and it was this circumstance which turned his attention to electricity. The result of his studies of the subject was the battery which has been known by his name for nearly sixty years. He was subsequently for some years the leader of the South Wales and Chester circuits. Sir William Grove was knighted in 1872, shortly after he had been raised to the Judicial Bench, and retired from his last public office, that of Judge of the High Court of Justice, some nine years ago.

Sir Peter Edlin's successor as Chairman of the County of London Sessions is Mr. W. R. McConnell, well known as a special pleader, in the technical, not the popular sense of the phrase, on the Northern Circuit.

PARLIAMENT.

After prolonged and acrid discussion in the Commons the Irish Land Bill has gone to another place. Its fortunes in the popular Chamber were distinctly chequered. The representatives of the Irish landlords took great umbrage because certain amendments put down by the Government in their interest were subsequently abandoned. Mr. Carson, the chief spokesman of the Irish Unionists, declared that no amendment from his friends had any chance of acceptance by the Chief Secretary. The truth is that the amendments favoured by Mr. Carson went far towards nullifying the Bill. The proceedings were graced by one of those dramatic incidents which the House of Commons loves. In the bitterness of his disappointment, Mr. Carson charged Mr. Balfour with having abandoned the principles on which he took office. The Leader of the House made a moving speech in reply, which did much to strengthen his personal reputation. The Government have a difficult task with this Land Bill, which, in the nature of things, excites the hostility of the Irish landlords, who expect a Unionist Ministry to do impossible things. In the Lords the fortunes of the Bill are somewhat overclouded. There is an ominous rally of Irish noblemen who raised a bitter grievance on the second reading. It is still doubtful in what shape the Bill will pass into law, and should Irish amendments in the Lords be accepted by the Government in the Commons, there will be some warm work before the Session is over. The House of Commons has laboured upon the Scotch Rating Bill with great industry, but this has been eclipsed by the superior importance of the Ministerial announcement with regard to South Africa. After the close of the Jameson trial, Mr. Chamberlain was prompt to propose a Select Committee to inquire into the administration of the Chartered Company. An amendment of Sir William Harcourt's, specifying the necessity of investigating all the circumstances of the raid into the Transvaal, was accepted by the Government. The Uganda Railway Bill had an easy passage through the House, despite the prophecies of Mr. Labouchere and the chilly commendation of the Leader of the Opposition, who could not deny that the late Government were practically committed to the scheme. The Chief Secretary has been more fortunate than some of his predecessors in the discussion of the Irish Estimates. He gently discouraged the suggestion that Erse should be taught in Irish elementary schools, and he threw cold water on the proposal of an Irish Catholic University. The Irish members expressed their disappointment, but without the familiar heat. There is no doubt that Mr. Gerald Balfour, amidst many difficulties not of his creation, has made a very favourable impression on Irish popular opinion.



YACHTING AT COWES : THE QUEEN'S CUP.

Won by Major J. A. Orr-Ewing's *Mohawk*.

cost of a battle-ship is about half a million, and no mercantile centre is prepared to tax itself to that tune, or anything like it. Besides, ships of war are perishable machines, and what is wanted is a permanent historical monument of a very remarkable era in the national annals.

The gift of epigram is not always an aid to success in life. It is said that Dr. Pajot, the great French *accoucheur*, who died recently, was excluded from the French Academy and disliked in society on account of his wit. This seems a strange impediment for a Frenchman. Dr. Pajot was very fond of angling, and he diversified his sport under one of the bridges of the Seine by jumping into the river to fish out people attempting suicide.



Photo Scott and Son, Carlisle.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM ROBERT GROVE, F.R.S.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, with her guest the Duchess of Sparta, was visited by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York on Friday; Prince Nicholas of Greece was also the Queen's guest. On Saturday her Majesty gave audience to the Duke of Devonshire and held a Council, at which he and Lord Cross were present. The Empress Eugénie has visited her Majesty at Osborne. On Wednesday the Queen saw the Channel fleet steam past Osborne. Her Majesty received the Chinese Envoy, Li-Hung-Chang, on the same day.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York were at the opening of the Royal Yacht Squadron meeting at Cowes this week. The Princess of Wales went to Sandringham on a visit to Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark.

The Duchess of York and Duchess of Teck have gone to sojourn a short time at St. Moritz, in Switzerland.

On July 29 the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty, distributed the prizes at the Royal Naval School, Eltham; and Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India, performed a similar function at the Royal Engineering College for the India Government service, at Cooper's Hill, Egham.

The British Medical Association has held its yearly meeting at Carlisle, ending on July 31. Dr. Saunby, of Birmingham, has been elected President of the Council in succession to Dr. Ward Cousins. The meeting next year will be held at Montreal.

The Pharmaceutical Society's conference at Liverpool, under the presidency of Mr. W. Martindale, closed on July 29. Dr. C. Symes was elected President for the ensuing year. The next meeting will be at Glasgow. The members visited Eaton Hall and Hawarden. Mr. Gladstone bade them welcome in a brief speech.

Bank Holiday Monday in London, and in many places within reach of a day return trip from London, by railway or steam-boat, was thoroughly enjoyed by hundreds of thousands of people, the weather being dry, though not very sunny. A great number of excursion trains ran, conveying an enormous multitude of passengers. Hampstead Heath, Greenwich Park, Kew, the Crystal Palace, the Zoological Gardens, the Museums and Art Galleries and the Earl's Court Exhibition, Olympia, and the Aquarium attracted as many visitors as usual. At Aldershot, where six thousand Volunteers have joined the camp for training and exercise, including the battalion of public-school boys, there was a large assembly of spectators. To seaside places and to foreign shores the Londoners resorted in considerable force between Saturday and Monday and Tuesday morning. Town looked rather empty in the meantime.

The National Artillery Association opened its annual meeting for practice at Shoeburyness at the beginning of this week.

Twenty-five men were killed by a colliery gas explosion at Bryncoch, Neath, on Tuesday. There were two hundred working in the pit; the others escaped, and were promptly raised by the cage.

Another accident, with the loss of one passenger's life, happened at Preston Junction on Monday morning by a collision of two trains. The man killed was William Slater, an overseer at a cotton-mill near Chorley. The Rev. J. Warwick Adams, of Southport, was badly injured.

The annual carnival at Cowes was inaugurated on Aug. 3, in accordance with long-established custom, by the races held under the auspices of the Royal London Yacht Club. The opening of the yachting week was so far fortunate in its weather that the committee at the last moment reduced the length of the day's courses by one half, but later in the day the clouds cleared off and the wind became less uncertain. The chief event of the opening day was the race for the eighty pounds prize, for which the entries were the Prince of Wales's *Britannia*, the German Emperor's *Meteor*, Mr. A. B. Walker's *Ailsa*, Mr. W. H. Walker's *Caress*, and Mr. C. D. Rose's *Satanita*. Unfortunately something went wrong with the bowsprit of the Emperor's yacht, and she had to return to her moorings after a vain attempt to answer the signal for the contest. The *Caress* led at first on the outward journey towards West Lepe Buoy, but on the return from the Warner, the *Britannia* took the lead and held it to the finish, but not victoriously, for the time allowances, by which the *Britannia* had to give 37 min. 58 sec. to the smaller craft *Caress*, brought the latter to the winning station in time to carry off the prize. In the race for the Queen's Cup, on the second day, the Kaiser's *Meteor* shot off ahead as soon as the signal had been given, but was hard followed by the *Britannia*, on board of which were the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria of Wales, and the Duke of York. Mr. Gretton's *Hester* and Major J. A. Orr-Ewing's *Mohawk* followed. As the race returned eastward the *Britannia* was well ahead, but the *Meteor* eventually reached the finish first. The time allowances, however, gave the victory to the *Mohawk*, the last to reach the winning station, while the *Hester* was adjudged second, the *Britannia* third, and the *Meteor* fourth.

There is little fresh news of the operations in the Soudan. The Nile is rising, and steamers from Wady Halfa are beginning to pass the rapids of the Second Cataract, while the abatement of cholera at all the military stations to the south has greatly relieved the prospects of the expedition. The total number of deaths from this cause among

the Egyptian troops along the whole line from Assuan to Suarda has been about two hundred and fifty. Great heat was felt at Kosheh towards the end of July, on the 28th and 29th, when the thermometer in a straw hut, protected from the sun by a thick covering, stood at 129 deg. of Fahrenheit. A heavy storm of wind and rain cooled the air on Saturday, Aug. 1. The railway has been completed to that place, and has been made available for the transport of stores.

The German Navy has sustained a loss by the wreck of the gun-boat *Itlis*, on the coast of the Shantung promontory, China, during a violent storm on July 23; sixty-eight of the crew and officers were drowned. Queen Victoria has telegraphed to the Emperor an expression of her regret.

The Presidential election in the United States of America, which will take place in November, must be formally voted by the collective delegates of all the States, these being previously appointed in each State, expressly to support the particular candidates for the offices of President and Vice-President who are preferred by the majority of people voting in that State. The general contest, all over the Union, is practically between the two great rival parties in the nation, called the "Republican" and the "Democratic" party. The Democratic Party Convention, lately held at Chicago, has selected for its candidate Mr. William Jennings Bryan, a lawyer, a native of the State of Illinois, thirty-six years of age, who was during

THE PLAYHOUSES.

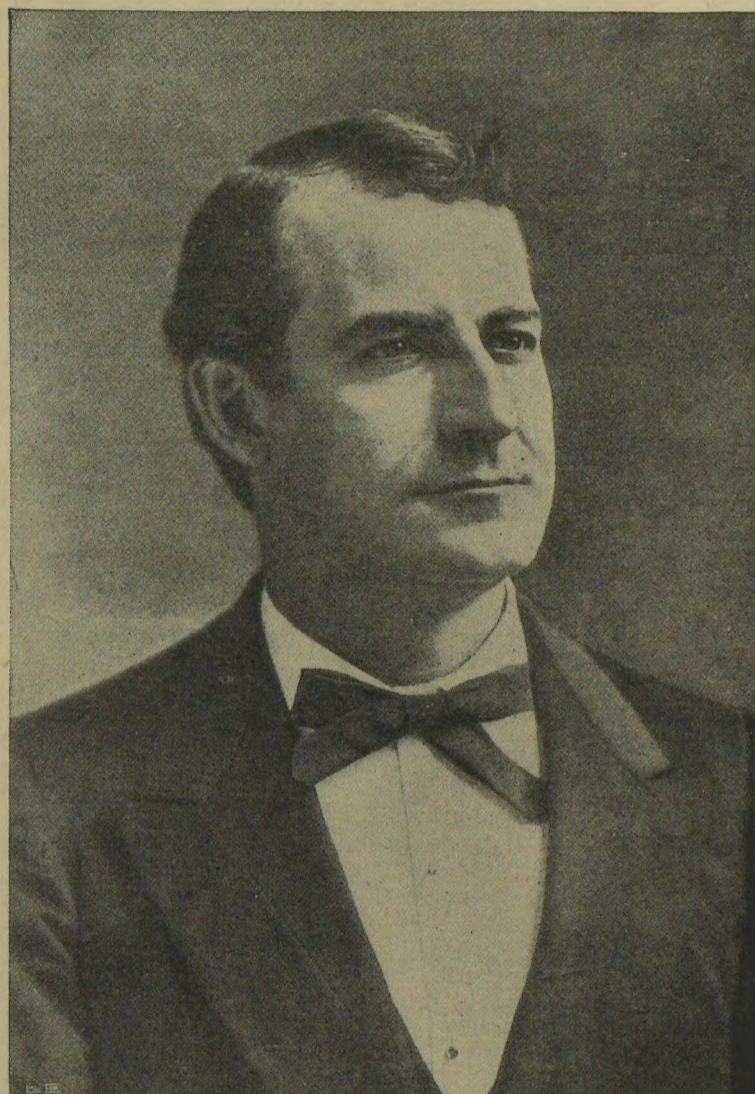
BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Once more "Rip van Winkle"! I have seen it in the form of a play acted by Joseph Jefferson as the hero of the immortal legend, one of the very finest and most artistic things of the kind ever seen on any stage in my day, a memory that no time can efface. I have seen it played as an operetta by Fred Leslie, who moulded his conception of the character, his accent, his gait, his bearing, entirely on Joseph Jefferson's creation; and as the actor here had the advantage of delightful music to sing, and a delightful voice to sing it with, those who had never seen Jefferson insisted that Fred Leslie's Rip must be better than the original. But believe me it was not! It was the exquisite tenderness of Jefferson's Rip that impressed us all so much. Loving-kindness seemed to beam out of his serene and pleasant face. His attitude towards little children, his devotion to dogs, brought tears to all eyes. But the great effect of the play was Rip's awakening from his prolonged sleep. This was a masterpiece in the hands of Jefferson, and the audience remained speechless with delight over a scene which was necessarily one of pure pantomime. It could be little else.

And now Rip has come back to pantomime again, thanks to the energetic action of Mr. Alfred Moul, who is determined that everything shall be first class at the Alhambra. The subject is an excellent one for a ballet of action. By the way, I saw the other day a statement in connection with this ballet to the effect that the Alhambra is the only variety theatre where spoken dialogue, or dramatic action, or intelligibility is legal in all London. I thought that most people knew that every music-hall sketch, every line of spoken dialogue, any ballet in which a story can be traced are as absolutely illegal now as they were pronounced to be illegal when such London managers as Benjamin Webster, John Baldwin Buckstone, George Vining, and others claimed "protection" under a musty and fusty old Act of Parliament passed in the reign of George II., long before the first music-hall proper was invented by the veteran Charles Morton. It is only by the goodwill and common-sense of the London managers, who no longer "inform" against these illegalities, that the variety theatre can produce a sketch, a dialogue, or even a ballet. Even the cinématographe and the animatographe are illegal, for on a certain occasion long ago, thanks to the managerial crew of "informed," my old friend Charles Morton was severely fined for producing a scientific optical illusion known as "Pepper's Ghost." They sniffed out something dramatic even in that, seven-and-thirty years ago, when this ridiculous old Act of George II. was as much in force as it is to this very day. But I fancy that the manager, or managers, would have a bad quarter of an hour at the hands of the public if they dared to put it into force. Why not repeal it, then? it will be asked. Why not clear the decks once and for all? Well, the truth is that this amusement question is a very difficult nut to crack. It is always bobbing up to the surface and being crushed down again.

At least three Committees of the House of Commons—one very recently—have reported absolutely in favour of free trade as against the old theatrical "protection," but nothing whatever has been done. The elaborate reports and the invaluable evidence collected are so much waste paper. Meanwhile, it is a pleasure to see the Alhambra's new "Rip van Winkle," for which the services of that very experienced pantomimist, Mr. Fred Storey, have been engaged. He is an artist of high intelligence, as we have recently had occasion to remark; he is ably assisted by Miss Julia Seale as the Frau van Winkle; while in the scenic and costume department Mr. Ryan and both M. and Madame Alias have fairly surpassed themselves. The excellent M. Jacobi presides over the splendid Alhambra orchestra, and he has made us once more familiar with the graceful melodies of Planquette.

The late Dion Boucicault was of opinion that the prevailing idea that London was empty in the month of August, or, indeed, at any time of the year, was a perfect fallacy. Consequently, he produced his most popular dramas in the autumn, when it was supposed that all the theatre-going public was out of town. He certainly proved his case. But I may, perhaps, be permitted to remark that Boucicault lived and wrote plays before the invention of the "bike." The "bike" is the great enemy of the theatrical managers in summer time. However, nothing daunted, Mr. Albert Gilmer has produced at the Princess's Theatre another sensation-play, "In Sight of St. Paul's," at cheap rates; and Terry's, the Criterion, the Opéra Comique, and several others are preparing to open at once under new managements and with new plays. There is a perfect craze now for management on the part of ambitious youngsters, and small wonder that it is so. A syndicate supplies the necessary capital, purely as a speculation. The manager gets a handsome salary to start with, and a percentage on the winnings if there are any. He must win, and cannot lose. At any rate, he gets his salary. It is not so very difficult to manage a theatre when you have no risks whatever. Your rent is paid, your taxes are paid, the part you long to play is provided for you, your ambition and vanity are both satisfied, with the outside chance of the play turning up trumps, when your fortune is made. It is nonsense to talk of art, or the love of art, when the actor-manager system is combined with the syndicate system. The actor-manager must be cock of the walk, select plays for himself, and keep great talent in the background. The syndicate system gives his already inflated head another puff.

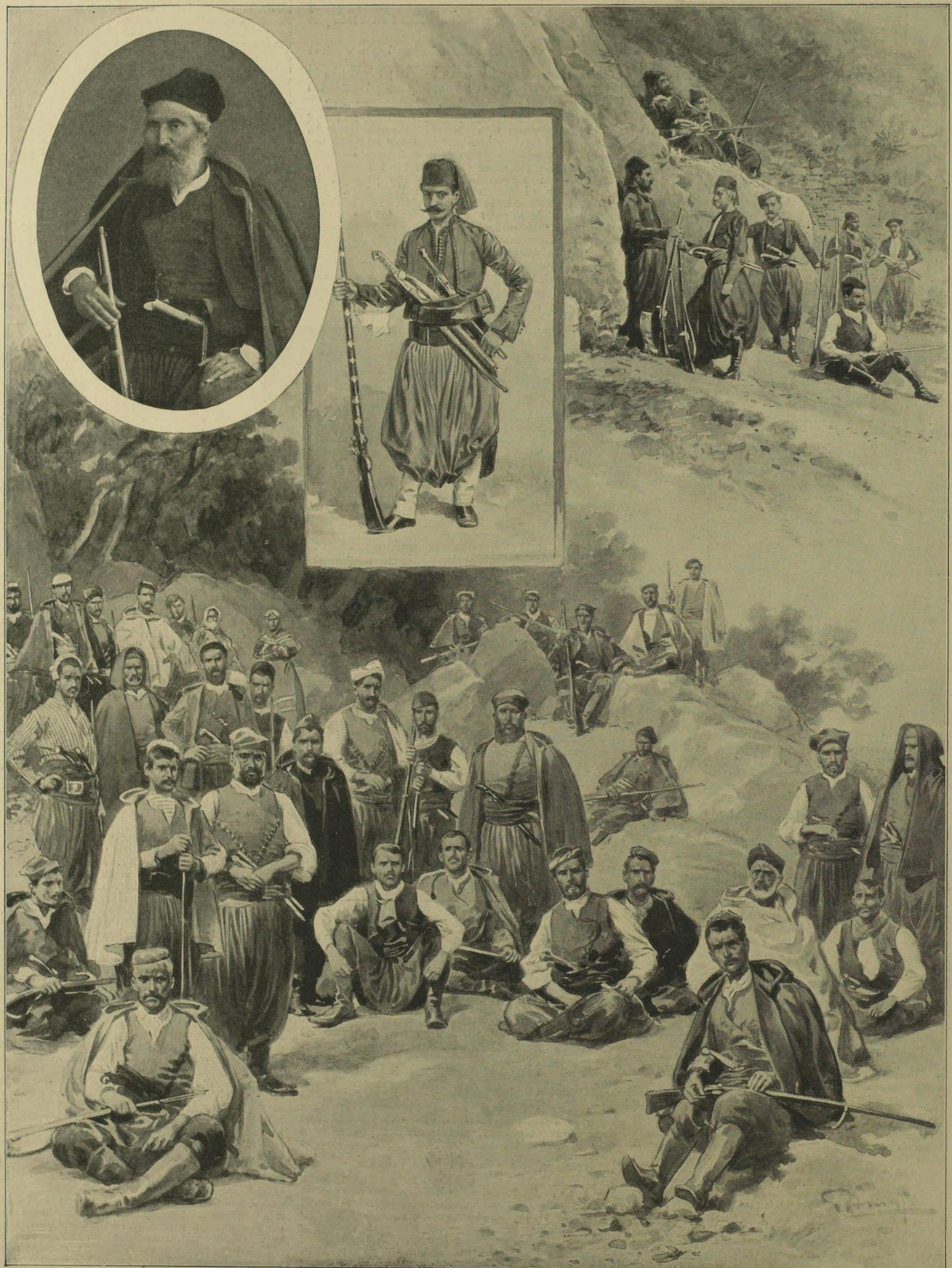


THE HON. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.

four years a member of Congress for the First District of Nebraska, and served on the Ways and Means Committee; he is a Free-trader advocating a tariff not for Protectionist policy, but only for the sake of revenue; but he is especially notable as the champion of a free coinage of silver, and an opponent of the exclusive gold-standard of currency. He is described as an eloquent and impassioned speaker, with an engaging figure and presence.

The aspect of affairs in South Africa has not materially changed, but the Matabili warriors, together with their women and children, are now pretty closely confined to the rocky Matoppo hill district south of Buluwayo. Forts are being constructed at the outlets from that district, and along the roads, at twenty places; and it is expected that the enemy, when all his grain and cattle are wasted, will be forced to surrender. Sir Richard Martin proposes to form an additional body of armed police, a thousand strong, of men drawn from the Cape and Natal, for permanent service in Matabililand and Mashonaland. Colonel Plumer's column of eight hundred men, accompanied by Major Baden-Powell, on Sunday last attacked Sekombo's stronghold, and by sharp fighting drove the enemy out, afterwards destroying the kraal and stores. Major Hurrell, with two hundred white men and two thousand friendly natives, has returned to Gwelo, from Fort Victoria in Mashonaland, after successful skirmishes with Ndema's tribe, on July 24 and July 26, having captured and burnt the enemy's town and villages. Some regular army troops, of Hussars, Lancers, the 84th and West Riding regiments, and Mounted Infantry, are now coming into the field. The 2nd King's Own Royal Rifle Corps has arrived at Capetown from Malta.

A fire at Libau, in the Baltic provinces of Russia, raging two or three days last week, destroyed a large portion of the town and property to a great amount.



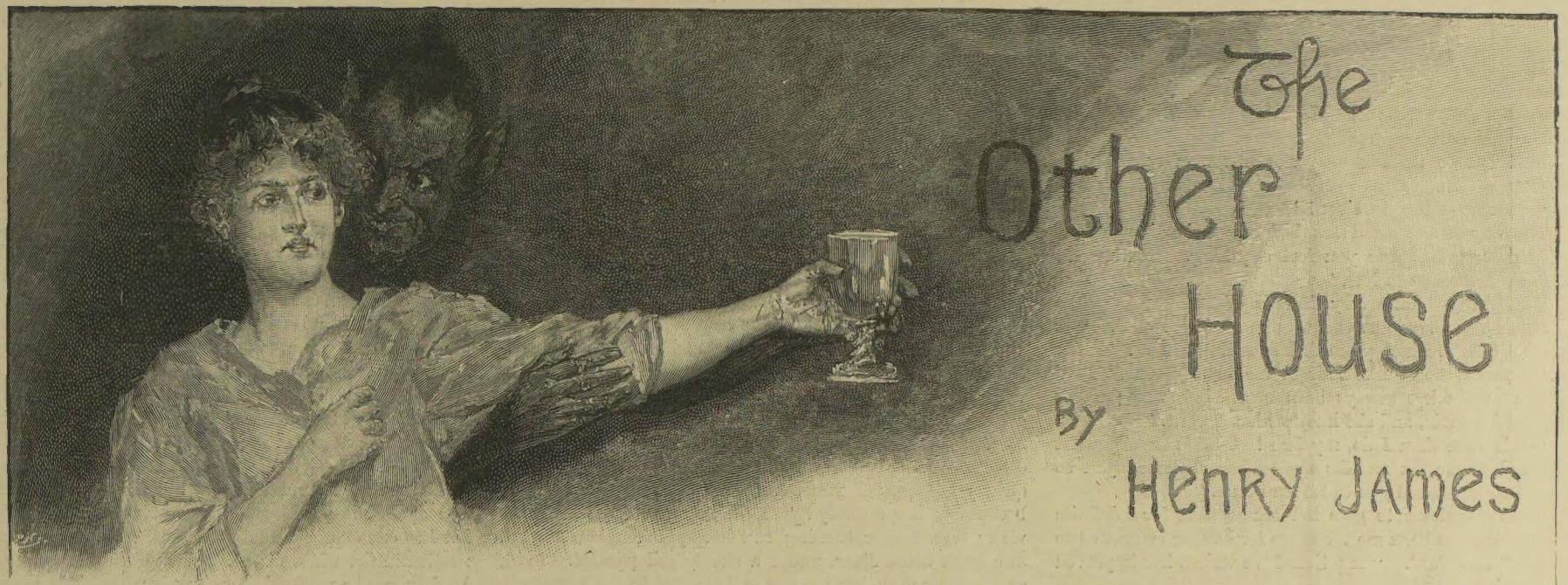
1. An Insurgent Leader.

2. A Peasant of Sphakia.

3. Christian Insurgents at Home near Vamos before the Battle.

4. Group of Christian Natives of Selino.

THE TROUBLE IN CRETE.



ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

XV.

Paul Beever was tall and fat, and his eyes, like his mother's, were very small; but more even than to his mother nature had offered him a compensation for this defect in the extension of the rest of the face. He had large, bare, beardless cheeks and a wide, clean, candid mouth, which the length of the smooth upper lip caused to look as exposed as a bald head. He had a deep fold of flesh round his uncovered young neck, and his white flannels showed his legs to be all the way down of the same thickness. He promised to become massive early in life and even to attain a remarkable girth. His great tastes were for cigarettes and silence; but he was, in spite of his proportions, neither gross nor lazy. If he was indifferent to his figure he was equally so to his food, and he played cricket with his young townsmen and danced hard with their wives and sisters. Wilverley liked him and Tony Bream thought well of him: it was only his mother who had not yet made up her mind. He had done a good deal at Oxford in not doing any harm, and he had subsequently rolled round the globe in the very groove with which she had belted it. But it was exactly in satisfying that he a little disappointed her: she had provided so against dangers that she found it a trifle dull to be so completely safe. It had become with her a question not of how clever he was, but of how stupid. Tony had expressed the view that he was distinctly deep, but that might only have been, in Tony's florid way, to show that he himself was so. She would not have found it convenient to have to give the boy an account of Mr. Vidal; but now that, detached from her purposes and respectful of her privacies, he sat there without making an inquiry, she was disconcerted enough slightly to miss the opportunity to snub him. On this occasion, however, she could steady herself with the possibility that her hour would still come. He began to eat a bun — his row justified that; and meanwhile she helped him to his tea. As she handed him the cup she challenged him with some sharpness. "Pray, when are you going to give it?"

He slowly masticated while he looked at her. "When do you think I had better?"

"Before dinner—distinctly. One doesn't know what may happen."

"Do you think anything at all will?" he placidly asked.

His mother waited before answering. "Nothing, certainly, unless you take some trouble for it." His perception of what she meant by this was clearly wanting, so that after a moment she continued: "You don't seem to grasp that I've done for you all I can do, and that the rest now depends on yourself."

"Oh yes, mother, I grasp it," he said without irritation. He took another bite of his bun, and then he added: "Miss Armiger has made me quite do that."

"Miss Armiger?" Mrs. Beever stared; she even felt that her opportunity was at hand. "What in the world has *she* to do with the matter?"

"Why, I've talked to her a lot about it."

"You mean she has talked to *you* a lot, I suppose. It's immensely like her."

"It's like my mother—that's whom it's like," said Paul. "She takes just the same view as yourself. I mean the view that I've a great opening and that I must make a great effort."

"And don't you see that for yourself? Do you

require a pair of women to tell you?" Mrs. Beever asked.

Paul, looking grave and impartial, turned her question over while he stirred his tea. "No, not exactly. But Miss Armiger puts everything so well."



She opened it, pressing on the spring, and, inclining her head to one side, considered afresh the mounted jewel that nestled in the white velvet.

"She puts some things doubtless beautifully. Still, I should like you to be conscious of some better reason for making yourself acceptable to Jean than that another young woman, however brilliant, recommends it."

The young man continued to ruminate, and it occurred to his mother, as it had occurred before, that his imperceptibility was perhaps a strength. "I am," he said at last. "She seems to make clear to me what I feel."

Mrs. Beever wondered. "You mean of course Jean does."

"Dear no—Miss Armiger!"

The lady of Eastmead laughed out in her impatience. "I'm delighted to hear you feel anything. You haven't often seemed to me to feel."

"I feel that Jean's very charming."

She laughed again at the way he made it sound. "Is that the tone in which you think of telling her so?"

"I think she'll take it from me in any tone," Paul replied. "She has always been most kind to me; we're very good friends, and she knows what I want."

"It's more than I do, my dear! That's exactly what you said to me six months ago—when she liked you so much that she asked you to let her alone."

"She asked me to give her six months for a definite answer, and she likes me the more for having consented to do that," said Paul. "The time I've waited has improved our relations."

"Well, then, they now must have reached perfection. You'll get her definite answer, therefore, this very afternoon."

"When I present the ornament?"

"When you present the ornament. You've got it safe, I hope?"

Paul hesitated; he took another bun. "I imagine it's all right."

"Do you only 'imagine'—with a thing of that value? What have you done with it?"

Again the young man faltered. "I've given it to Miss Armiger. She was afraid I'd lose it."

"And you were not afraid *she* would?" his mother cried.

"Not a bit. She's to give it back to me on this spot. She wants me too much to succeed."

Mrs. Beever was silent a little. "And how much do you want *her* to?"

Paul looked blank. "In what?"

"In making a fool of you." Mrs. Beever gathered herself. "Are you in love with Rose Armiger, Paul?"

He judiciously considered the question. "Not in the least. I talk with her of nobody and nothing but Jean."

"And do you talk with Jean of nobody and nothing but Rose?"

Paul appeared to make an effort to remember. "I scarcely talk with her at all. We're such old friends that there's almost nothing to say."

"There's this to say, my dear—that you take too much for granted!"

"That's just what Miss Armiger tells me. Give me, please, some more tea." His mother took his cup, but she looked at him hard and searchingly. He bore it without meeting her eyes, only turning his own pensively to the different dainties on the table. "If I do take a great deal for granted," he went on, "you must remember that you brought me up to it."

Mrs. Beever found only after an instant a reply. Then, however, she uttered it with an air of triumph. "I may have brought *you* up—but I didn't bring up Jean!"

"Well, it's not of her I'm speaking," the young man good-humouredly rejoined; "though I might remind you that she has been here again and again, and month after month, and has always been taught—so far as you could teach her—to regard me as her inevitable fate. Have you any real doubt," he went on, "of her recognising in a satisfactory way that the time has come?"

Mrs. Beever transferred her scrutiny to the interior of her teapot. "No!" she said after a moment.

"Then what's the matter?"

"The matter is that I'm nervous, and that your stolidity makes me so. I want you to behave to me as if you cared—and I want you still more to behave so to *her*." Paul made, in his seat, a movement in which his companion caught, as she supposed, the betrayal of a sense of oppression; and at this her own worst fear broke out. "Oh, don't tell me you *don't* care—for if you do I don't know what I shall do to you!" He looked at her with an air he sometimes had, which always aggravated her impatience, an air of amused surprise, quickened to curiosity, that there should be in the world organisms capable of generating heat. She had thanked God, through life, that she was cold-blooded, but now it seemed to face her as a Nemesis that she was a volcano compared with her son. This transferred to him the advantage she had so long monopolised, that of always seeing, in any relation or discussion, the other party become the spectacle, while, sitting back in her stall, she remained the spectator and even the critic. She hated to perform to Paul as she had made others perform to herself; but she determined on the instant that, since she was condemned to do so, she would do it to some purpose. She would have to leap through a hoop, but she would land on her charger's back. The next moment Paul

was watching her while she shook her little flags at him. "There's one thing, my dear, that I can give you my word of honour for—the fact that if the influence that congeals, that paralyses you happens by any chance to be a dream of what may be open to you in any other quarter, the sooner you utterly dismiss that dream the better it will be not only for your happiness, but for your dignity. If you entertain—with no matter how bad a conscience—a vain fancy that you've the smallest real chance of making the smallest real impression on anybody else, all I can say is that you prepare for yourself very nearly as much discomfort as you prepare disgust for your mother." She paused a moment; she felt, before her son's mild gape, like a trapezeist in pink tights. "How much susceptibility, I should like to know, has Miss Armiger at her command for your great charms?"

Paul showed her a certain respect; he didn't clap her—that is he didn't smile. He felt something, however, which was indicated, as it always was, by the way his eyes grew smaller: they contracted at times, in his big, fair face, to mere little conscious points. These points he now directed to the region of the house. "Well, mother," he quietly replied, "if you would like to know it hadn't you better ask her directly?" Rose Armiger had come into view; Mrs. Beever, turning, saw her approach, bareheaded, in a fresh white dress, under a showy red parasol. Paul, as she drew near, left his seat and strolled to the hammock, into which he meditatively dropped. Extended there, while the great net bulged and its attachments cracked with his weight, he spoke with the same plain patience. "She has come to give me up the ornament."

XVI.

"The great cake has at last arrived, dear lady!" Rose gaily announced to Mrs. Beever, who waited, before acknowledging the news, long enough to suggest to her son that she was perhaps about to act on his advice.

"I'm much obliged to you for having gone to see about it," was, however, what, after a moment, Miss Armiger's hostess elected to reply.

"It was an irresistible service. I shouldn't have got over on such a day as this," said Rose, "the least little disappointment to dear little Jean."

"To say nothing, of course, of dear little Effie," Mrs. Beever promptly rejoined.

"It comes to the same thing—the occasion so mixes them up. They're interlaced on the cake—with their initials and their candles. There are plenty of candles for each," Rose laughed, "for their years have been added together. It makes a very pretty number!"

"It must also make a very big cake," said Mrs. Beever. "Colossal."

"Too big to be brought out?"

The girl considered. "Not so big, you know," she archly replied, "as if the candles had to be yours and mine!" Then holding up the "ornament" to Paul, she said: "I surrender you my trust. Catch!" she added, with decision, making a movement to toss him a small case in red morocco, which, the next moment, in its flight through the air, without altering his attitude, he intercepted with one hand.

Mrs. Beever's excited mistrust dropped at the mere audacity of this: there was something perceptibly superior in the girl who could meet half-way, so cleverly, a suspicion she was quite conscious of and much desired to dissipate. The lady of Eastmead looked at her hard, reading her desire in the look she gave back. "Trust me, trust me," her eyes seemed to plead; "don't at all events think me capable of any self-seeking that's stupid or poor. I may be dangerous to myself, but I'm not so to others; least of all am I so to *you*." She had a presence that was, in its way, like Tony Bream's: it made, simply and directly, a difference in any personal question exposed to it. Under its action, at all events, Mrs. Beever found herself suddenly feeling that she could after all trust Rose if she could only trust Paul. She glanced at that young man as he lay in the hammock, and saw that in spite of the familiarity of his posture—which indeed might have been assumed with a misleading purpose—his diminished pupils, fixed upon their visitor, still had the expression imparted to them by her own last address. She hesitated; but while she did so Rose came straight up to her and kissed her. It was the very first time, and Mrs. Beever blushed as if one of her secrets had been surprised. Rose explained her impulse only with a smile; but the smile said vividly: "I'll polish him off!"

This brought a response to his mother's lips. "I'll go and inspect the cake!"

Mrs. Beever took her way to the house, and as soon as her back was turned her son got out of the hammock. An observer of the scene would not have failed to divine that, with some profundity of calculation, he had taken refuge there as a mute protest against any frustration of his interview with Rose. This young lady herself laughed out as she saw him rise, and her laugh would have been, for the same observer, a tribute to the natural art that was mingled with his obvious simplicity. Paul himself recognised its bearing and, as he came and stood at the tea-table, acknowledged her criticism by saying quietly: "I was afraid my mother would take me away."

"On the contrary; she has formally surrendered you."

"Then you must let me perform her office and help you to some tea."

He spoke with a rigid courtesy that was not without its grace, and in the rich shade of her umbrella, which she twirled repeatedly on her shoulder, she looked down with detachment at the table. "I'll do it for myself, thank you; and I should like you to return to your hammock."

"I left it on purpose," the young man said. "Flat on my back, that way, I'm at a sort of disadvantage in talking with you."

"That's precisely why I make the request. I wish you to be flat on your back and to have nothing whatever to reply." Paul immediately retraced his steps, but before again extending himself he asked her, with the same grave consideration, where in this case she would be seated. "I sha'n't be seated at all," she answered; "I'll walk about and stand over you and bully you." He tumbled into his net, sitting up rather more than before; and, coming close to it, she put out her hand. "Let me see that object again." He had in his lap the little box he had received from her, and at this he passed it back.

She opened it, pressing on the spring, and, inclining her head to one side, considered afresh the mounted jewel that nestled in the white velvet. Then, closing the case with a loud snap, she restored it to him. "Yes, it's very good; it's a wonderful stone, and she knows. But that alone, my dear, won't do it." She leaned, facing him, against the tense ropes of the hammock, and he looked up at her. "You take too much for granted."

For a moment Paul answered nothing, but at last he brought out: "That's just what I said to my mother you had already said when she said just the same."

Rose stared an instant; then she smiled again. "It's complicated, but I follow you! She has been waking you up."

"She knows," said her companion, "that you advise me in the same sense as herself."

"She believes it at last—her leaving us together was a sign of that. I have at heart perfectly to justify her confidence, for hitherto she has been so blind to her own interest as to suppose that, in these three weeks, you had been so tiresome as to fall in love with me."

"I particularly told her I haven't at all."

Paul's tone had at its moments of highest gravity the gift of moving almost any interlocutor to mirth. "I hope you'll be more convincing than that if you ever particularly tell anyone you *have* at all!" the girl exclaimed. She gave a slight push to the hammock, turning away, and he swung there gently a minute.

"You mustn't ask too much of me, you know," he finally said, watching her as she went to the table and poured out a cup of tea.

She drank a little and then, putting down the cup, came back to him. "I should be asking too much of you only if you were asking too much of *her*. You're so far from that, and your position's so perfect. It's too beautiful, you know, what you offer."

"I know what I offer, and I know what I don't," Paul returned; "and the person we speak of knows exactly as well. All the elements are before her, and if my position's so fine it's there for her to see it, quite as well as for you. I agree with you that I'm a decent sort, and that, as things are going, my business, my prospects, my guarantees of one kind and another, are substantial. But just these things, for years, have been made familiar to her, and nothing, without a risk of greatly boring her, can very well be added to the account. You and my mother say I take too much for granted; but I take only that." This was a long speech for our young man, and his want of accent, his passionless pauses, made it seem a trifle longer. It had a visible effect on Rose Armiger, whom he held there with widening eyes as he talked. There was an intensity in her face, a bright sweetness that, when he stopped, seemed to give itself out to him as if to encourage him to go on. But he went on only to the extent of adding: "All I mean is that if I'm good enough for her she has only to take me."

"You're good enough for the best girl in the world," Rose said with the tremor of sincerity. "You're honest and kind; you're generous and wise." She looked at him with a sort of intelligent pleasure, that of a mind fine enough to be touched by an exhibition of beauty even the most occult. "You're so sound—you're so safe that it makes *any* relation with you a real luxury and a thing to be grateful for." She shed on him her sociable approval, treating him as a happy product, speaking of him as of another person. "I shall always be glad and proud that you've been, if only for an hour, my friend!"

Paul's response to this demonstration consisted in getting slowly and heavily on his feet. "Do you think I like what you do to me?" he abruptly demanded.

It was a sudden new note, but it found her quite ready. "I don't care whether you like it or not! It's my duty, and it's yours—it's the right thing."

He stood there in his tall awkwardness; he spoke as if he had not heard her. "It's too strange to have to take it from *you*."

"Everything's strange—and the truest things are the strangest. Besides, it isn't so extraordinary as that comes

to. It isn't as if you had an objection to her; it isn't as if she weren't beautiful and good—really cultivated and altogether charming. It isn't as if, since I first saw her here, she hadn't developed in the most admirable way, and also hadn't, by her father's death, come into three thousand a year and into an opportunity for looking, with the red gold of her hair, in the deepest, daintiest, freshest mourning, lovelier far, my dear boy, than, with all respect, any girl who can ever have strayed before, or ever will again, into any Wilverley bank. It isn't as if, grunting you do care for me, there were the smallest chance, should you try to make too much of it, of my ever doing anything but listen to you with a pained 'Oh, dear!' pat you affectionately on the back and push you promptly out of the room." Paul Beever, when she thus encountered him, quitted his place, moving slowly outside the wide cluster of chairs, while Rose, within it, turned as he turned, pressing him with deeper earnestness. He stopped behind one of the chairs, holding its high back and now meeting her eyes. "If you do care for me," she went on with her warm voice, "there's a magnificent way you can show it. You can show it by putting into your appeal to Miss Martle something that she can't resist."

"And what may she not be able to resist?" Paul inquired, keeping his voice steady, but shaking his chair a little.

"Why, *you*—if you'll only be a bit personal, a bit passionate, have some appearance of really desiring her, some that your happiness really depends on her." Paul looked as if he were taking a lesson, and she gave it with growing assurance. "Show her some tenderness, some eloquence, try some touch of the sort that goes home. Speak to her, for God's sake, the words that women like. We all like them, and we all feel them, and you can do nothing good without them. Keep well in sight that what you must absolutely do is *please* her."

Paul seemed to fix his little eyes on this aim. "Please her and please you."

"It sounds odd, yes, lumping us together. But that doesn't matter," said Rose. "The effect of your success will be that you'll unspeakably help and comfort me. It's difficult to talk about it—my grounds are so deep, deep down." She hesitated, casting about her, asking herself how far she might go. Then she decided, growing a little pale with the effort. "I've an idea that has become a passion with me. There's a right I must see done—there's a wrong I must make impossible. There's a loyalty I must cherish—there's a memory I must protect. That's all I can say." She stood there in her vivid meaning like the priestess of a threatened altar. "If that girl becomes your wife—why, then I'm at last at rest!"

"You get, by my achievement, what you want—I see. And, please, what do *I* get?" Paul presently asked.

"You?" The blood rushed back to her face with the shock of this question. "Why, you get Jean Martle!" He turned away without a word, and at the same moment, in the distance, she saw the person whose name she had just uttered descend the great square steps. She hereupon slipped through the circle of chairs and rapidly met her companion, who stopped short as she approached. Rose looked him straight in the eyes. "If you give me the peace I pray for, I'll do anything for you in life!" She left him staring and passed down to the river, where, on the little bridge, Tony Bream was in sight, waving his hat to her as he came from the other house.

XVII.

Rose Armiger, in a few moments, was joined by Tony, and they came up the lawn together to where Jean Martle stood talking with Paul. Here, at the approach of the master of Bounds, this young lady anxiously inquired if Effie had not been well enough to accompany him. She had expected to find her there; then, failing that, had taken for granted he would bring her.

"I've left the question, my dear Jean, in her nurse's hands," Tony said. "She had been bedizened from top to toe, and then, on some slight appearance of being less well, had been despoiled, denuded and disappointed. She's a poor little lamb of sacrifice. They were at her again, when I came away, with the ribbons and garlands; but there was apparently much more to come, and I couldn't answer for it that a single sneeze wouldn't again lay everything low. It's in the bosom of the gods. I couldn't wait."

"You were too impatient to be with *us*," Rose suggested.

Tony, with a successful air of very light comedy, smiled and inclined himself. "I was too impatient to be with *you*, Miss Armiger." The lapse of four years still presented him in such familiar mourning as might consort

with a country nook on a summer afternoon; but it also allowed undiminished relief to a manner of addressing women which was clearly instinctive and habitual, and which, at the same time, by good fortune, had the grace of flattery without phrases and of irony without impertinence. He was a little older, but he was not heavier; he was a little worn, but he was not worn dull. His presence was, anywhere and at any time, as much as ever the clock at the moment it strikes. Paul Beever's little eyes, after he appeared, rested on Rose with an expression which might have been that of a man counting the waves produced on a sheet of water by the plunge of a large object. For any like ripple on the fine surface of the younger girl he appeared to have no attention.

"I'm glad that remark's not addressed to *me*," Jean said gaily; "for I'm afraid I must immediately withdraw from you the light of my society."

"On whom then do you mean to bestow it?"

"On your daughter, this moment. I must go and judge for myself of her condition."

Tony looked at her more seriously. "If you're at all really troubled about her I'll go back with you. You're too beautifully kind: they told me of your having been with her this morning."

"Ah, you were with her this morning?" Rose asked of

replied. "I want to bring her over. There are four dolls waiting for her."

"My dear child," Rose familiarly exclaimed, "at home there are about forty! Don't you give her one every day or two?" she went on to Tony.

Her question didn't reach him; he was too much interested in Paul's arrangement with Jean, on whom his eyes were fixed. "Go, then—to be the sooner restored to us. And do bring the kid!" He spoke with jollity.

"I'm going in to change—perhaps I shall presently find you here," Paul put in.

"You'll certainly find me, dear Paul. I shall be quick!" the girl called back. And she lightly went her way, while Paul walked off to the house and the two others, standing together, watched her a minute. In spite of her black dress, of which the thin, voluminous tissue fluttered in the summer breeze, she seemed to shine in the afternoon light. They saw her reach the bridge, where, in the middle, she turned and tossed back at them a wave of her handkerchief; after which she dipped to the other side and disappeared.

"Mayn't I give you some tea?" Rose said to her companion. She nodded at the bright display of Mrs. Beever's hospitality; Tony gratefully accepted her offer and they strolled on side by side. "Why have you ceased to call me 'Rose'?" she then suddenly demanded.

Tony started so that he practically stopped; on which she promptly halted. "Have I, my dear woman? I didn't know—" He looked at her and, looking at her, he after a moment markedly coloured: he had the air of a man who sees something that operates as a warning. What Tony Bream saw was a circumstance of which he had already had glimpses; but for some reason or other it was now written with a largeness that made it resemble a printed poster on a wall. It might have been, from the way he took it in, a big yellow advertisement, to the publicity of whose message no artifice of type was wanting. This message was simply Rose Armiger's whole face, exquisite and tragic in its appeal, stamped with a sensibility that was almost abject, a tenderness that was more than eager. The appeal was there, for an instant, with rare intensity, and what Tony felt in response to it he felt without fatuity or vanity. He could meet it only with a compassion as unreserved as itself. He looked confused, but he looked kind, and his companion's eyes lighted as with the sense of something that at last even in pure pity had come out to her. It was as if she let him know that since she had been at Eastmead nothing whatever had come out.

"When I was at Bounds, four years ago," she said, "you called me Rose and you called our friend there—" she made a movement in the direction Jean had taken—"nothing at all. Now you call her by her name, and you call me nothing at all."

Tony obligingly turned it over. "Don't I call you Miss Armiger?"

"Is that anything at all?" Rose effectively asked. "You're conscious of some great difference."

Tony hesitated; he walked on. "Between you and Jean?"

"Oh, the difference between me and Jean goes without saying. What I mean is the difference between my having been at Wilverley then and my being here now."

They reached the tea-table, and Tony, dropping into a chair, removed his hat. "What have I called you when we've met in London?"

She stood before him, closing her parasol. "Don't you even know? You've called me nothing." She proceeded to pour out tea for him, busying herself delicately with Mrs. Beever's wonderful arrangements for keeping things hot. "Have you by any chance been conscious of what I've called *you*?" she said.

Tony let himself, in his place, be served. "Doesn't everyone in the wide world call me the inevitable 'Tony'? The name's dreadful—for a banker: it should have been a bar, for me, to that career. It's fatal to dignity. But then of course I haven't any dignity."

"I think you haven't much," Rose replied. "But I've never seen anyone get on so well without it. And, after all, you've just enough to make Miss Martle recognise it."

Tony wondered. "By calling me 'Mr. Bream'?" Oh, for her I'm a greybeard—and I address her as one. I address her as I addressed her as a child. Of course I admit," he added with an intention vaguely pacific, "that she has entirely ceased to be that."

"She's wonderful," said Rose, handing him something buttered and perversely cold.

He assented even to the point of submissively helping himself. "She's a tremendous dear."

"I mean she's wonderful about your little girl."



She left him staring and passed down to the river, where, on the little bridge, Tony Bream was in sight, waving his hat to her as he came from the other house.

Jean in a manner to which there was a clear effort to impart the intonation of the casual, but which had in it something that made the person addressed turn to her with a dim surprise. Jean stood there in her black dress and her fair beauty; but her wonder was not of a sort to cloud the extraordinary radiance of her youth. "For ever so long. Don't you know I've made her my peculiar and exclusive charge?"

"Under the pretext," Tony went on, to Rose, "of saving her from perdition. I'm supposed to be in danger of spoiling her, but Jean treats her quite as spoiled; which is much the greater injury of the two."

"Don't go back, at any rate, please," Rose said to him with soft persuasion. "I never see you, you know, and I want just now particularly to speak to you." Tony instantly expressed submission, and Rose, checking Jean, who, at this, in silence, turned to take her way to the bridge, reminded Paul Beever that she had just heard from him of his having, on his side, some special purpose of an interview with Miss Martle.

At this Paul grew very red. "Oh yes, I should rather like to speak to you, please," he said to Jean.

She had paused half way down the little slope; she looked at him frankly and kindly.

"Do you mean immediately?"

"As soon as you've time."

"I shall have time as soon as I've been to Effie," Jean

"Devoted, isn't she? That dates from long ago. She has a special sentiment about her."

Rosa was silent a moment. "It's a little life to preserve and protect," she then said. "Of course!"

"Why, to that degree that she seems scarcely to think the child safe even with its infatuated daddy!"

Still on her feet beyond the table near which he sat, she had put up her parasol again, and she looked across at him from under it. Their eyes met, and he again felt himself in the presence of what, in them, shortly before, had been so deep, so exquisite. It represented something that no lapse could long quench—something that gave out the measureless white ray of a light steadily revolving. She could sometimes turn it away, but it was always somewhere; and now it covered him with a great cold lustre that made everything, for the moment, look hard and ugly—made him also feel the chill of a complication for which he had not allowed. He had had plenty of complications in life, but he had likewise had ways of dealing with them that were in general clever, easy, masterly indeed often really pleasant. He got up nervously: there would be nothing pleasant in any way of dealing with this one.

(To be continued.)

THE SOMNOLENT WEASEL.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

It is proverbially difficult to disturb the slumber of the wary weasel; yet more than once in my life I have almost attained that modest goal of the domestic naturalist's ambition. This morning was one such occasion. We were trudging noiselessly, a party of three, through a deep sandy lane, enclosed on either side by quickset hedges, when a weasel, caught napping for once, endeavoured to run across the road under our very noses. The sand masked our footfall; we were on him before he knew it; he lay at our feet at our mercy; and the bloodthirsty creature's agonised behaviour under these peculiar circumstances made our own blood run cold for a moment with horror. Conscious that he was trapped, and giving up all for lost, the litho little beast reared himself erect on his hind legs, pawing the air with his front feet, and holding his long, thin body stiff and straight upright in a painfully human attitude. Then he screamed aloud like a child—a long piercing scream of despair and terror. There was something so human in his voice, so appealing, so ghastly, that we could not but respect that pitiful cry of a pitiless beast and show him the mercy he had never shown himself to others. Perhaps it was because he knew so well what death and torture meant that his shrill shriek of agony seemed so fraught with meaning. At any rate, we drew back and let the terrified brute go on his way unhurt.

Even then, for a minute or two, unused to give or to receive quarter, he could not believe in his reprieve. He stood there still, erect on his hind legs in the air as before, rigid and paralysed, as if turned to stone at sight of some Gorgon's head. At last, by slow degrees, visibly trembling and quivering in limbs and flanks, he recovered sense and power of movement enough to lower himself to the ground and crawl away unobtrusively. Even so, however, he was far too terrified to take refuge in the hedgerow, where he might have skulked unperceived. He stalked on before us along the lane, looking stealthily back in our faces all the time, for fifty yards or more; and as he did so he lifted each foot cautiously and slowly like a rope-dancer, moving ahead at a snail's pace, and evidently without strength or courage or power to exert himself any faster.

To me there was something inexpressibly weird and eerie in this abject terror on the part of the most sanguinary and cunning of carnivores in face of such danger as he himself spends his life in inflicting upon others. But I have seen it more than once; and especially have I noticed the curious numbness which seems to paralyse the limbs of vermiform carnivores at moments of peril. The books laud weasels and their kind for coolness in emergencies: I have not found it so. Once, at Uplyme, in Devon, I crossed a little bridge over a narrow stream, and surprised a stoat at his ease on a parapet, gazing idly about him. I stood within two paces of him. He paused and eyed me. I raised my stick to threaten him. Instantly his sharp eye clouded over, and he almost seemed to faint with terror. I stood there, face to face with him, with uplifted stick, for perhaps five minutes. Not till the end of that time did the cruel coward pluck up heart to slink away, raising one foot slowly behind the other, in exactly the same way as our friend of this morning. I think this sneaking habit must be common to all the polecat and ermine race; for once, in Canada, walking with two ladies by the shore of Lake Ontario, I surprised a mink in like manner; and the mink, a great water-haunting and fish-eating weasel, stole off similarly in front of us in a straight line, moving neither to right nor left in search of covert, nor yet making for the lake, which lay within three yards of him, but just lifting each leg and laying it languidly down again in the same strangely paralysed or terror-stricken way as the other animals I have mentioned. On another occasion three of us cornered



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PORTRAIT OF A LADY.—G. H. BOUGHTON, R.A.

Exhibited in the New Gallery.

a young weasel with sticks and umbrellas on Holmwood Common. The little beast in this case showed the same extreme form of deadly panic for a while; though I am bound to admit that, when it finally recovered courage sufficiently to work, it excavated itself a burrow and buried itself in the ground with exceedingly creditable and workmanlike promptitude.

These, however, are, doubtless, rare and exceptional episodes in the life of a hunter. Generally it is as the insatiable thirster after blood that your weasel presents himself. His long thin body, his short squat legs, his curious build, his fierce teeth and jaws, all combine to render him the last word and culmination of the ferreting ideal. He is constructed with a single eye to tunnelling operations—built to enter holes or burrows and to slip through anything. His head is small and flattened—it does not rise high in a boss or forehead; his neck is long and narrow; his body is slim; and all three parts merge into one another with so little distinction that, when he lengthens himself out and crouches on his short legs, he almost resembles the mathematical line that has length without breadth—he is penetration without thickness. Even this narrow body, too, he can still further compress and attenuate—so yielding are his ribs—to pass, at a pinch, through the smallest aperture; trees he climbs like a squirrel; and as he can also swim, even running water has no such deterrent effect upon him as upon witches and warlocks. He is a terrible enemy. His eyes are not merely keen and wary; they glitter with positive savagery and lust of blood. For the weasel does not hunt for food alone; the desire to kill for killing's sake has grown upon him, as with the Attilas and the Timurs, till he slays at last for pure love of slaughter. Nevertheless, on the whole, though farmers detest him as a devourer of chickens, and gamekeepers impute to him an insatiable appetite for pheasants' eggs, he is at bottom a friend of the agricultural interest; for is he not a mighty destroyer of rats and mice, devouring the brains of many—his tit-bit is the brain—and killing still more from mere gladiatorial instinct? But he is a good climber, too, and undoubtedly eats many pretty small birds, with their eggs and families.



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THE TROUBLE IN CRETE: SUDA BAY, ON THE NORTH-EAST OF THE ISLAND.

Drawn by W. Simpson, R.I., from a Sketch by a Correspondent.

FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Are we not in danger of a kind of literary Calvinism? This horrible idea was suggested to me lately by a *Saturday Review* which I saw lying on a railway bookstall while I was buying the *Field*. There was an article headed "Beyond Criticism," and I wondered who the victim was; whether Mr. — or Mr. —, as usual. The bleeding author at the halbersts was neither of these sinners; he was Mr. Crockett. I did not read all the review, but I did gather that people who suck entertainment out of Mr. Crockett are (but for some "uncouth mercy") beyond the pale of literary salvation. Salvation is (among others) for the readers of "Morley Roberts and Crackanthorpe." These great masters were spoken of without the "Mr.," just as we don't say "Monsieur Victor Hugo" or "Mr. Shakspere." They are already immortals.

This doctrine appeared to me very alarming. Only a little flock, it is plain, has "got culture," while the many thousand readers of Mr. Crockett must perish in their sins, I myself going the darkling way with them. May we not put in a word for a genial universalism? Must everybody be lost who remains unexhilarated by Mr. Morley

first ball delivered stuck fast in a mechanical steel trap in the face of the bat. The batsmen set off running, and had scored seventy before a meeting of the M.C.C., hastily summoned, had passed a rule "that no bats like these d—d things" (so it was worded) "should be allowed." At cricket, they said, you can't run with the ball.

The trick-bats having been laid aside, Cambridge (70 for no wicket) sent back her champions armed with two light bats, one in each hand. They hit all the loose balls gaily, and put down both bats together in face of every straight one. The captain said that there was nothing in the rules (which he had in his pocket) against a batsman using two bats at once. He therefore went on doing so, and had scored 140 before a hastily summoned meeting of the M.C.C. passed a rule: "No batsman shall use two or more bats at once." The score was now 336, and the captain excited remark by taking guard *behind* the wicket, and pulling a length ball off the bails. On an appeal from the Oxford wicket-keeper, he was given out for "obstructing the field." (One for 336.) After this the batting was of the normal kind, but the Oxford bowlers being tired, the record score of 750 was compiled.

Oxford sent in Brown and Green to meet the attacks of

shall bowl with bare hands." The game now stood: Cambridge, 750; Oxford, 6 (two no-balls and the slung ball to the boundary) for nine wickets. Cambridge was, however, anxious that there should be no follow-on, the wicket being good, and Oxford full of desire for revenge.

It was therefore necessary to give Oxford 625 runs by no-balls. The captain now executed his carefully considered idea of putting on the whole eleven to bowl at once; "for every ball will be a no-ball," he said, "and every ball must go to the boundary for four, as there are no fielders. There's not a word," he added, "against it in the rules."

Luckily one of the Oxford batsmen possessed himself of one of the eleven balls. He and his partner then stood in the middle of the pitch, and he tossed the ball into the opposite wicket. "How's that?" he cried, and the umpire, with enthusiasm, said "Out!" The Cambridge captain appealed. "You can only be run out off a no-ball," he urged, "and the batsman was merely 'hit wicket.'" The M.C.C., however, supported the umpire, and rain put a stop to this remarkable exhibition of cricket. A hasty meeting of the club then passed a rule to this effect: "The



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: A CONVOY OF CAMELS.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

Roberts and Mr. Crackanthorpe? The exceedingly irate judge in the *Saturday* accused Mr. Crockett (if a hasty glance did not deceive me) of appropriating "Poe's dead body in a box." Surely any author, however odiously popular, may have a dead body in a box! Mr. Stevenson had two dead bodies in boxes, if not more, not to speak of bodies in bags. Oddly enough, I have only read one novel of Mr. Morley Roberts; and, behold! Mr. Morley Roberts himself indulged in a dead body in a box, or at least inside a large statue, which is sailing very near the wind. I protest against a critical ukase which allows dead bodies in boxes to some authors and denies them to others. I would not be understood to love corpses in statues, or in Saratoga trunks, or in any other receptacle of that kind, but I cannot see that Poe and Mr. Morley Roberts enjoy a copyright in a popular article. Dead body for dead body, Mr. Crockett's appears to me to smell as sweet as Mr. Morley Roberts's. These class privileges cannot be set up in the realm of romance, and Miss Braddon's Sigismund Smith laid down the theory of dead bodies probably before the modern masters of romance, Mr. Morley Roberts and Mr. Crackanthorpe, and the pariah Crockett, were born.

The University Match of 1897 was remarkable for incidents and "scenes." Cambridge won the toss, and it was observed that her representatives carried bats of unusual thickness. The reason became apparent when the

Black (fast left hand) and White (slow medium), who created some surprise by *both bowling at once*. The umpire called, "No balls," but the Cambridge captain said there was nothing in the rules against two or more bowlers bowling simultaneously. He would have put on all his men at once, he said, if he could have got over the initial difficulty of not going outside the bowling-crease. The umpire persisted in his decision, as a plain inference from the words "bowler" and "ball," not "bowlers" and "balls." He was backed by a hastily summoned meeting of the M.C.C.

Black now went on alone, using a sling of a peculiar make. On being no-balled (his first went through the Pavilion window) the captain entered a protest. The rule said "The ball must be bowled, not thrown or jerked." It was not thrown, he argued, neither was it jerked; it was *slung*. A meeting of the M.C.C., hastily convoked, added the words "or slung" after "jerked."

The Light Blue bowlers now got astonishing work on the ball. It came in a yard either way, and once pitched over the wicket, came back, and hit the stumps. The last batsman came in, but protested that the bowlers were using new-fangled kinds of gloves, with points and bosses, which put unfair work on the ball. The captain said there was nothing in the rules against bowling in gloves. A rapidly assembled meeting of the M.C.C. passed a rule: "Bowlers

University Match must in future be played somewhere else"; certain members adding, unofficially, their ideas as to the proper place for the classical contest.

The approaching retirement of Captain N. Barton, of the Connaught Rangers, from the Adjutancy of the Civil Service Rifles ought not to be allowed to pass without notice, especially at a time when the want of efficient Volunteer officers is the most serious danger to that branch of the Army. It is not contended that the Adjutant can be made responsible for the officers who are selected by their comrades in the first instance, but the material from which smart officers are made is moulded by him, and they reflect his qualities or defects. To show what can be achieved by a zealous Adjutant when dealing with intelligent officers one has only to look at the results of the May examinations—just published—which challenge comparison with any regiment in the service—Regulars, Militia, or Volunteers. Thirteen certificates were granted to the Civil Service Regiment, a number almost unprecedented in any branch—one officer passing in Tactics and Fortification, two in Fortification, four in Tactics, and five in Military Topography. Many of these officers, had they been in the Regular Army, would have been classed in their examination as "distinguished," but no such special mark is awarded to our Volunteers. There is therefore all the more reason that the services of the instructing officer, in their case the Adjutant alone, should be gratefully recognised.

LITERATURE.

The Release. By Charlotte M. Yonge. (Macmillan.)—Miss Yonge takes her many admiring readers further afield than usual in this very interesting story, with its deft character-drawing and wealth of incident. An English and a French household are very happily contrasted, and the pace grows fairly exciting when we are landed amid the scenes and characters of the French Revolution. There is a deal about nuns and nunneries in the story, more perhaps than a writer less assured of her ground than Miss Yonge would venture upon. Side by side with thrilling pictures of that day of great changes there is many a quiet convent scene, all painted with Miss Yonge's well-known sympathy and charity. The French heroine of the work is, indeed, a young nun who finally gets dispensed from her vows by the Pope in order that she may marry. The girls are very skilfully done. What a well-thought-out contrast between Caroline and her French cousins! Miss Yonge writes limpid and easy English, though now and again she is rather long-winded, and she sometimes perpetrates a sentence which is an example of the things prose ought not to be. There is such a sentence at the foot of page 99. Miss Yonge retains the qualities which made her delightful to a past generation of girls, and not too old-fashioned for this. She is a happy woman who gives so much innocent delight.

If you can imagine a composite photograph of the Archangel Michael and Satan taken during their dispute over the body of Moses, you will have an idea of the picture of Napoleon (Chapman and Hall) Mr. T. P. O'Connor has made up by reprinting in a volume his reviews of a dozen conflicting accounts of the great Corsican. The discrepancies in these accounts are so irreconcilable that Mr. O'Connor has been more successful than Archbishop Whately in raising "Historic Doubts" as to the existence of their subject. Of course, no man is so geometrically consistent as the character of a novel; or rather, speaking generally, "every man is either god or devil," according to the strength of his temptations; but to be at once god and devil at the same moment is not possible even to a Napoleon. This, however, is what Mr. O'Connor's most interesting digests of the Napoleonic volumes he has from time to time reviewed ask you to believe. To take one instance out of a hundred of these discrepancies—his secretary, Méneval, who was allowed more frequent and intimate intercourse with Napoleon than almost any other man, thus reports of his master's invariable bearing towards him while dictating his dispatches: "I had expected to find him brusque and of uncertain temper, instead of which I found him patient, indulgent, easy to please, by no means exacting, merry with a merriness which was often noisy and mocking, and sometimes of charming *bonhomie*." Taine, however, assures you that, "When dictating in his cabinet he strides up and down the room, and if excited, which is often the case, his language consists of violent imprecations and oaths, which are suppressed in what is written." But, indeed, the whole volume is a mosaic of such contradictions, and inclines you to the conclusion of Walpole, which M. Gustave Le Bon has lately reasserted without qualification, "that history is made up of fanciful accounts of ill-observed facts." How much history has been the work of individual great men is suggested by a striking passage in this volume, worth laying to heart now that Democracy, the mother of Autocracy, is coming into power: "On reaching the Isle of Polars, the First Consul stopped at Rousseau's grave and said, 'It would have been better for the repose of France if that man had never existed!' 'And why, citizen Consul?' 'He is the man who made the French Revolution.' 'It seems to me that you need not complain of the French Revolution.' 'Well, the future must decide whether it would not have been better for the repose of the whole world if neither myself nor Rousseau had ever lived."

Slowly—but surely the Carlyle cult is regaining the position from which Mr. Froude's disclosures did a good deal to displace it. The latest evidence of this has been the purchase of his house in Cheyne Row, and now comes an *Illustrated Memorial Volume* dealing with the purchase fund, and containing a catalogue of Carlyle's books, manuscripts, pictures, and furnitures contained therein. The story is told by Mr. George A. Lumsden, an accountant in Manchester, who was the prime mover in the purchase. Carlyle himself might perhaps have objected to think that an inventory of his goods and chattels should be handed down to posterity—much less set up for exhibition—but the present volume is of distinct interest, and supplies just those little details which a biography, however complete, can never overtake.

Across an Ulster Bog (Heinemann) is perhaps the most powerful novel that has yet appeared in "The Pioneer Series," and nearly the most disagreeable. It is the story of the seduction of an Ulster labourer's daughter by the rector of the parish, and of the dastardly murder of the seducer by his enraged parishioners. They did well to be angry; but to set upon him in a body at night and bludgeon him to death was a disproportionate revenge for men who hold chastity as lightly as the Ulster folk. But, indeed, there is no softening anywhere of the picture presented to you of these repellent Orangemen, who are so lifelike as to seem to step out of the canvas. You long for the relief of a single kindly creature, but with the exception

of the betrayed girl herself, her father, and the "Papist" dressmaker, Miss M'Fadden, all the personages are revoltingly base and brutal. Nevertheless, the story is told with such remorseless fidelity and force that you cannot lay the book down till you have finished it.

A poet who can say something new of "Trilby" is original at least, but Miss Alice Brown, in *The Road to Castaly* (Copeland and Day), is original on other and worthier subjects than Mr. Du Maurier's romance. Miss Brown's charming verses, indeed, contradict her modest disclaimer of poetic rank—

Destined aye to keep the road
Far from that august abode;
Fated ne'er to taste the spring
Set for poet's quickening.

Who upon our bosoms set
His unfading amulet:
"Ever seek and never see;
Die uncrowned, yet votary."

"Kings will be tyrants from policy," says Burke in his "Reflections on the Revolution in France," "when subjects are rebels from principle," and history, which records about three murders of beneficent princes to one tyrannicide, cynically endorses the protective policy of anticipating treason by the execution of suspected traitors. The assassination of the Shah is a signal instance in point, since he owed it to his clemency. In General Sir Thomas Edward Gordon's interesting *Persia Revisited* (Edward

opinion at once of the sense and of the sensitiveness of the man whom years of marriage could not disillusionise. Of course, a man in love is like a man in any other fever, irresponsible for his illusions and his ravings—"amare et sapere vix deo conceditur"—but as the barmaid—and a very coarse barmaid at that—showed through the woman he married a month after their marriage, you are at a loss to understand his blind belief in her until her elopement, and his desolation when it occurred. But the girl and her father and the *habitues* of her father's bar, and the men and the work and the scenes and scenery of a New South Wales sheep-station are all drawn with a surprising force and fidelity. Particularly fine is a graphic and ghastly description of a man lost in those hideous Australian deserts till he sinks down to die of thirst, to be rescued, however, when at the last gasp.

The weak part of Sir William Nevill Geary's very clever novel *A Lawyer's Wife* (John Lane) is unfortunately the hinge of the plot. "The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning," when he represents such a man as he had described Captain Ogilvie to be, making an assignation with such a crawling reptile as "the lawyer's wife," and keeping it on the very day that he hears from the woman he loves that she is free to marry him. The Captain, a kind of virile Colonel Newcome, has such a distrust and dislike of this creeping thing that he breaks in her case his otherwise inflexible rule to say nothing, if there is nothing good to say, of the absent, and abuses her roundly to her friend and his lady-love; yet he spends tête-à-tête with her on the river the happy day of the good news of his mistress's widowhood, and is very properly drowned for his pains. We doubt, however, if Sir William realises the detestableness of his creation, "the lawyer's wife." In real life so silly and shallow a woman would be seen through by everyone; and everyone who saw through her must loathe her baseness, heartlessness, viciousness, and mendacity. Even in the novel her husband seemed to have found her out at its opening, when, upon one of the numberless occasions of her neglect of her child, "he took a quick step towards her as if minded to strike her, and said, 'You unnatural brute!'" but after this single lucid interval he relapses unaccountably into his infatuation with her. At the same time, she is a singularly clever study, and is at least as natural as a disgusting parasite under a microscope. We have all met women with exactly her faults, but not on that colossal scale. Hardly less clever is the portrait of her rival, who passes through the Divorce Court unscathed and unembittered. Indeed, she passes through it, like the sun through a grimy glass, so pure that Sir William, forgetting that he had already made her a mother, apologises for her speculating upon the possibility of maternity. "Suddenly, with a rosy bashfulness, she bethought her—and children. Shall I have children? Won't it be nice! What will it feel like to be called mother? She smiled to herself at the idea, and there came upon her the sweet feminine impulse to cherish. . . . Do not blame her previousness; it was a nun cloistered for life, holy and resigned, who wrote the most passionate of love-letters, 'Les Portugaises.'" On the whole, "A Lawyer's Wife" is a first novel of singular promise.

Mr. C. Edmond Maurice, the son of a distinguished father, the late Frederick Denison Maurice, is already favourably known by his contributions to literature, chiefly to history and biography from mediæval to modern times. His literary reputation will be sustained by his interesting and instructive work, written with both care and animation, for the useful "Story of the Nations" series, *Bohemia from the Earliest Time to the Fall of National Independence in 1620; with a Short Summary of Later Events* (T. Fisher Unwin). Mr. Maurice goes over the ground covered by Count Lützow's volume recently noticed in these columns, adding, however, a chapter, rather too brief, on the modern history of Bohemia, which his predecessor left untouched. When two travellers have explored the same region, there cannot fail to be something of similarity, and also something of dissimilarity, in their descriptions of it. Mr. Maurice goes more minutely than Count Lützow did into the early career of John Huss as a reformer. He also lays more stress than the Count on the agrarian grievances of the Bohemian peasantry as

making them lukewarm in their support of their aristocratic leaders in the struggle which ended disastrously for the national independence of Bohemia. The volume is very fairly as well as copiously illustrated.

The author of *The Braes o' Balquhidder* (Alexander Gardner) has evidently taken as his model a writer whom in perfect seriousness he compares with Victor Hugo. "One of these," says "the editor," in one of the dreary and interminable essays that do duty in the novel for conversations, "One of these, entitled 'The Scarlet Vest,' illustrated the horrors of that filthy, dominant, and bloody tyranny, the French Revolution, and is told in a style that would do no discredit to Victor Hugo. I made a memo." (here the editor took out a note-book) "from it of this remarkable sentence: 'The scum boiled to the surface of the social cauldron! Religion, Rank, and Virtue were trodden into the mire by democratic hoofs, and Murder bedecked herself in the soiled ermine of inherited Justice!'" Only an author with such an ideal of style could write the incredibly silly bombast which the writer, adding another terror to death, has dedicated to the memory of "John Stuart Blackie, a King amongst his Kind."



Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.
WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. X.—MISS CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge is the only daughter of the late Mr. W. C. Yonge, of Otterbourne, Hants, and first became known to fame as the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." That popular tale has since been followed by "The Daisy Chain," "Heartsease," "Magnum Bonum," "Nuttie's Father," and a remarkably long list of other novels and stories for young people, many of them being imbued with a strong High Church feeling. Her latest story, "The Release," which is reviewed in these columns, forms an addition to a very charming series of old-world tales with an historical background, of which the most notable are "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest," "The Prince and the Page," "Stray Pearls," and "Unknown to History." Miss Yonge is also the author of several works of biography, among them a Life of Bishop Patteson, and her contributions to educational literature include "Landmarks of History," "The Kings of England," "Stories" from the history of various countries, and numerous other volumes. For many years she edited the *Monthly Packet*, to which she is still a regular contributor.

Arnold) you are told that the instigator of the Shah's assassination took refuge in the very sanctuary where his instrument afterwards murdered his Majesty, and was generously treated on quitting it; while the motive of his irreconcilable hatred of his Sovereign was the introduction of beneficent European reforms. Indeed, Sir Thomas Gordon speaks highly of the progress of Persia since his former visit; and not the least, perhaps, of the evidences of the country's advance in civilisation is that it is the first time in the history of the dynasty that the rightful successor to the throne has mounted it without a contest with a rival. That three successive Sovereigns of this Kajar dynasty should have occupied the throne for a century is probably without precedent in an Eastern kingdom, where "absolutism is usually tempered by assassination."

In *The Girl at Birrell's* (Ward, Lock, and Bowden), a young fellow on the down social grade and a young girl on the up social grade meet and marry with disastrous results. They are drawn to the life, and probably from the life, and this truthfulness makes up to you for the unpleasantness of the picture. The hard and sordid and naked selfishness of the girl repels you and affects your



1. In the Dairy Grounds.
2. Hulne Abbey.

3. The Lion Bridge, from the North Road.
4. William the Lion's Monument, Rotten Row.

5. St. Michael's Church.
6. Percy Tenantry Column.

7. The Castle before the Restoration, from Barnsdale.
Dunwick Drift.

8. Alnwick Abbey.
Briseke Tower.

11. Malmes' Cross, on the North Road.
12. Alnwick Castle.

PICTURESQUE ENGLAND: ALNWICK CASTLE, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

A week or ten days ago I was not aware that there are certain cardinal sins—or perhaps they are only minor ones, as I am not a good judge in these matters—which flourish more luxuriantly in summer than in winter. I was under the impression that the bethests contained in the Decalogue and their derivations were either deliberately observed or disregarded by people, irrespective of the seasons.

My ignorance in this respect has been dispelled by the report of a sermon preached by a noted American divine against what he termed "summer sins." Here are some of the backslidings against which he inveighs specially: 1, the gossip on the hotel verandah; 2, the reading of trashy novels; 3, laziness; 4, gambling; 5, display of wealth in elaborate and costly gowns, jewels, and equipages; 6, the immodesty of bathing costumes; 7, indulgence in rich hotel food, ripe fruits of the season, and so-called summer drinks.

I am writing this at the window of an hotel in one of the most popular seaside places in England, and the enumeration of all these vices indulged in by our American cousins during their holidays has positively set my mouth watering, for I take it that the preacher has not drawn on his imagination and that he has really witnessed an exhibition, or several exhibitions, of all these items of wickedness. One night when Brinsley Sheridan, contrary to his habit, came home sober a fellow was lying prostrate in the gutter in front of his door. "He is very ill, Sir," said the watchman. "Ill!" roared the author of "The School for Scandal," "ill? Why, I wish I had half of his complaint! He's dead drunk."

I feel like Sheridan. I could do with half, or even three-fourths, of the American clergyman's complaint. I have been at the seaside for nearly a week. The hotel where I am staying has more than a verandah, it has a large plot of ground at the back, where the visitors of two other hotels foregather, and during these five or six days I have not heard a single remark that could be construed into a bit of gossip, still less into an epigram or spiteful criticism. My fellow-visitors seem uniformly good-natured and dull. The men read their papers and smoke, the women are at a loss for conversational backbiting, which in itself would prove that not one of their sisters has rubbed them the wrong way by a display of wealth in the shape of elaborate and costly gowns, jewels, and equipages.

In fact, I have not seen half a dozen well-dressed women during my perambulations in the town, the lower part of which appears to be reserved to the humbler classes on their annual holiday, the cliff or higher part to those somewhat better off in worldly goods. Among the women of the former, the evening *toilette de rigueur* seems to consist of a white woollen shawl over their ordinary attire, and a cricketing-cap instead of the usual head-gear. Among the women of the latter there appears to be a tacit convention not to invite too much attraction by donning smart gowns, and altogether, the limits of unobtrusiveness are not exceeded. This may be owing to the almost entire absence of suitable and select places of entertainment, for, beyond the pier, with an execrable band, there is nothing to tempt them outside the precincts of their temporary homes. Truly, there is a theatre and two or three dancing-rooms, one a very well managed and luxuriously appointed one, but I doubt whether the last named is much patronised by my fellow-boarders, all of whom seem to belong to the well-to-do middle classes.

Nor have I noticed any undue tendency on the part of the female section of this gathering to indulge in the perusal of trashy novels. There are a few novels lying about the house and about the lawn in the daytime. I should not like to give an opinion about their merits, nor do I think their owners could. They were evidently bought as a remedy against possible dullness. Dull though the place is, the owners of the books evidently expected the works to be duller still, for not a dozen pages of either of the volumes have been cut.

Our American cousins at Saratoga and elsewhere must be different from ourselves for their censor to have preferred a charge of laziness against them. Granted, however, that they lounge about the verandahs of the hotels, what possible harm is there in that? In an old-fashioned French farce, the English adaptation of which bears the title of "The Married Bachelor," there are two lines to the effect that—

Quand on est toute la semaine debout
On peut bien s'assoir le dimanche.

The American men and women who, either on business or pleasure bent, rush through life for eleven months out of the twelve, have assuredly the right to "take it very easy" when by the seaside. In England, where the wear and tear of most people's existence, though not as violent as across the Atlantic, is, nevertheless, violent enough, I find that there is no relaxation of activity as far as the body is concerned. I have had several ten-miles' walks, and have invariably come across a score or so of pedestrians bent on the same exercise, exclusive of the numberless bicycles on the roads. As for the immodesty of bathing-costumes, a great deal depends on the spectator's modesty of mind; personally, I am pleased to think that the horrible blue serge bathing-gown of our grandmothers has disappeared. Remain rich food and so-called summer drinks. It is an old story, that of the Frenchwoman of fashion, who sipped a glass of iced water, and exclaimed, "How delicious, what a pity it is not a sin!"

The American divine would make it one. If this should meet his eye and if his evidence of all the sins committed by the Americans be trustworthy, I propose to him to take his pulpit next year during the holiday season. He can do my work. I feel certain the Americans will be delighted, and so shall I. Whether the readers of *The Illustrated London News* will be pleased is a question I dare not decide.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
W FINLAYSON (Edinburgh).—Your other problem admits of a second solution by 1. P to K 3rd.

F WALLER (Luton).—Your proposition is quite impracticable. We have only space to give a very limited selection.

CAPTAIN SPENCER.—The first move still seems your difficulty. It makes all the difference in the world to which particular square the Rook is moved. See if you cannot discover why.

H T BAILEY (Kentish Town).—Problem to hand with thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2723 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 2725 from A S H II (Rio de Janeiro); of No. 2729 from Joseph T Pullen (Exeter), R I T, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), L Penfold, F W C (Edgbaston), M A Eyre (Boulogne), Albert Ludwig (Alsace), J D Tucker (Leeds), Sorrento, Charles Moon (Birchington), J Bailey (Newark), and E G Boys (Eastbourne).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2730 received from R H Brooks, L Desanges, F James (Wolverhampton), H E Lee (Ipswich), Twynam (Bournemouth), W R Raillem, Martin F, J D Tucker (Leeds) Alpha, L Penfold, B Copland (Chelmsford), T Chown, C R H (Green Lanes), E P Vulliamy, Shadforth, Captain Spence, Bluet, Sorrento, C W Smith (Stroud), M A Eyre (Folkestone), Dr F St, H Le Jeune, W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), W R B (Clifton), Dawn, C E Perugini, E G Boys, M Rieloff, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), C E M (Ayr), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), H S Brandreth (Dresden), Frank Proctor (Knoeck-sur-Mer), E Louden, H T Atterbury, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), J S Wesley (Exeter), F A Carter (Maldon), F Waller (Luton), and Fred J Gross.

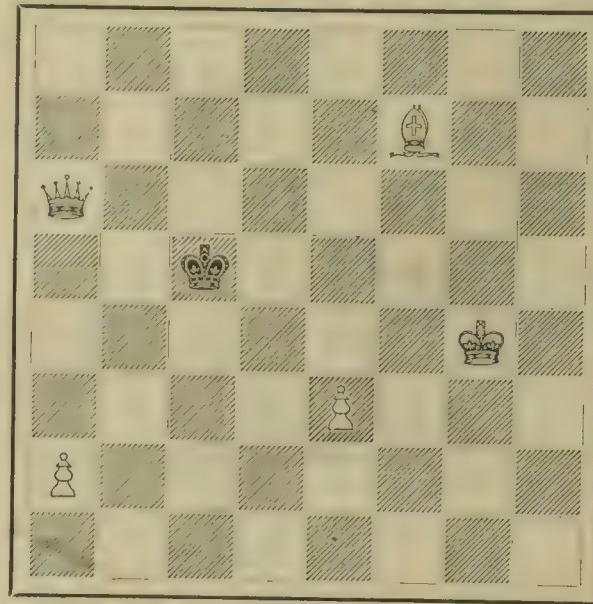
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2729.—By W. P. HIND.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to R 5th Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 2732.

By W. FINLAYSON.

BLACK.



CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the Nuremberg Tournament between Messrs. STEINITZ and CHAROUSEK.

(Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	view to some offensive operations against Black's King.	
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	21. Kt takes Kt	R P takes Kt
3. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	22. R to K 4th	B to B 3rd
4. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	23. K R to K sq	R to Q sq
5. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 5th	24. K to B 2nd	P to Q Kt 4th
6. Castles	Castles	25. R to Q sq	P to Q R 4th
7. P to K 5th	Kt to K sq	This method of defence can scarcely be termed popular, the usual play being now P to Q 4th; 4. B takes P, Q to R 5th (ch), etc. Mr. Steinitz, however, is not one to be bound down to ordinary rules.	The point of this Queen's side advance is soon apparent. The two Pawns completely break up White's strongest point a little later in the game.
8. Kt to Q 5th	B to R 4th	26. P to Q R 4th	Q R to Kt sq
9. P to Q 4th	P to Q 3rd	27. R to Q 2nd	P to Kt 5th
10. B takes P	B to Kt 5th	28. P to Q B 4th	P to B 4th
11. P takes D	K Kt takes P	29. P to Q 5th	P to Kt 4th
12. B to Q Kt 3rd	K Kt to B 4th	30. B to Q sq	P to Kt 6th
13. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 5th	With a view of placing the Rook at K 5th and preventing also P to Kt 3rd, which would give White a safe and even game.	
14. Q to K sq	B takes Kt	31. R to Q 3rd	R to Kt 5th
15. P takes B	Kt to K 3rd	32. R takes P	B to Q 5th (ch)
16. Q to Kt 3rd		33. R takes B	
It seems pretty clear that here B to Kt 3rd was superior. White, however, aims rather at getting pieces exchanged and making an even game.		17. Kt takes B	
17. Kt takes Kt	Kt to K 2nd	18. Q to K sq	P to Q B 3rd
18. Q to K sq	P to Q B 3rd	19. Q to Kt 5th	
Again there appears the desire to equalise matters by exchanging Queens. K to R sq seems more to the point with a		20. R takes R	
		21. R takes B	
		22. R takes P	
		23. R takes R	
		24. B takes R	
		25. P takes R	
		26. Black wins.	

The Hastings Chess Tournament. Edited by Horace F. Cheshire. (Chatto and Windus, London).—This memento of the famous meeting at Hastings two months ago comes very opportunely, as most of the players who figure in its pages are to-day fighting their battles over again at Nuremberg, and thus a freshness is given to the work that adds to the other attractions. For attractive the book undoubtedly is. The get-up is excellent; the twenty-two full page likenesses form the best collection we know of chess players' portraits, and the whole 230 games contested are annotated by the masters themselves in a series of copious and valuable notes. If any fault must be found, the omission to give the names of the openings strikes us as the most prominent, and we could wish the diagrams representing critical positions were given on a scale more commensurate with the style of the book. These, however, are but trifling defects in a production of so much merit and real worth that every lover of the game ought to possess a copy.

The Nuremberg Tournament is fast coming to an end, although the final result still hangs in the balance. One striking feature is the non-success of Mr. Pillsbury, and another is the conspicuous place occupied by Mr. Walbrodt. Present appearances indicate Mr. Lasker as winner of first prize.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The influence of the mind over the body is a subject which includes within its limits a variety of topics of the most interesting character both to the physiologist and to the thoughtful lay reader. It is, of course, a bare truism to assert the influence of the mental side of us over the physical side, and it is an equally true remark to assert that the mind in its turn may and does take its temporary colour, so to speak, from the state of the body. No better example of the reaction of body upon mind can be found than in the influence which a deranged or disordered liver exerts on the mental life. Everything appears gruesome to the "liver" subject. His surest schemes assume a visionary aspect; his most solid successes are tainted with the leaven of disappointment; and his whole mental being is warped so long as his hepatic arrangements exhibit their incongruous features. It was an appropriate knowledge of such facts which made the ancients derive the term "melancholy" from the words "black bile"; for all human experience teaches that life is the reverse of pleasant to look upon when our thoughts are tinged with biliousness. The phrase "tinged" may be of a more real and literal character, perchance, than we are given to suppose.

Turning to the other side of the relations betwixt brain and body, there can be no doubt of the tremendous influence a man's mental concepts exert on his physical mechanism. I should like to add that this influence is much more clearly demonstrated in certain types of mind than in others, and I regard this latter point as of very great importance when people begin to discuss the body and mind question. So many of us are apt to assume that, because certain effects are not produced on ourselves, the statements of our neighbours regarding their experiences are therefore to be utterly discredited and rejected. This is just as illogical as if these neighbours insisted that everybody should exhibit their susceptibilities and their peculiarities in this matter of mind-influence over body.

Naturally, this topic brings us into the domain of hypnotism, because we find many of the most remarkable instances of mind-influence wrought out (on persons of susceptible temperament) through the "suggestion" of the hypnotist. That which has specially led me to select this subject for remark is the letter of a correspondent who alleges that he has had warts "charmed" off his fingers by an old woman. His affliction is alleged to have been of a highly intractable character. The old lady practitioner touched the warts, mumbled some incantation over them, and from that moment they began to disappear. They finally vanished away, and have never reappeared. My correspondent supposes I shall laugh at his statement. He himself has been subjected to ridicule when he has stuck to his guns in the matter of crediting the "charm" with a remedial effect. I am very far from indulging in any light sarcasm whatever at my correspondent's statement. On the contrary, I regard his case as illustrating once again the influence of mind (in certain subjects) over the bodily belongings. In this way we may bring within the domain of science that which otherwise is left to be the marvel and wonder of a superstitious and credulous generation.

There seems to be no doubt whatever that warts may be made to disappear by "suggestion," for that which the operator accomplishes is really to be called by the latter term. The "charming" process is the essence of the whole procedure. It impresses on the facile and believing mind the occult (and effective) nature of the cure. Then the mind so impressed acts on the body. Just as a fright, which is a purely mental phase, is followed in some cases by very distinct results on the digestive system, lungs, heart, bloodvessels, and the like, producing temporary alterations and derangements of their work, so the "charming" process, by parity of reasoning, produces its effects on the special parts on which the attention is concentrated.

That "suggestion" is at the bottom of the whole proceeding seems to me to be clearly proved not only by the mere circumstances of the case, but by other facts chronicled by those who practise hypnotism. Thus I find Dr. Bonjean, of Lausanne, telling us that an old lady, a relative of his own, was a wart-charmer, and had even operated successfully on the doctor himself. The old lady was wont to bandage the eyes of her patient—this act itself, like the initiatory bandaging of the novice in a mysterious rite, being calculated to bring the esoteric side of the operation well to the front. The patient was carefully instructed not to touch the bandage or the wart while the "charming" process was proceeding. The old lady's daughter then came upon the scene as a kind of deputy-priestess of the mystic art, and touched the wart with some object, which, as Dr. Bonjean remarks, could have no curative properties about it at all. The warts then disappeared slowly, and a cure was effected in about three weeks. The doctor noted the proceeding of his old lady friend, and rightly diagnosed the whole affair to be one of "suggestion." He has cured warts by a similar mode of treatment. All he does in reality is to impress the patient firmly and effectively with the suggestion or notion that the warts will die. It is only those of "little faith" with whom wart-charming is likely to be unsuccessful.

The records of physiological science contain cases of allied character, but of actually more wonderful nature than the "charming" away of skin-growths. Cases are recorded in which all the appearances of a burn have been produced through "suggestion" conveyed during the hypnotic state. Little wonder is it that "miracle cures" are reported as often as they are in these latter days. The wonder to those who know anything of the facility with which impressions can be conveyed to a certain class of minds is that such "cures" (if cures they be) are not multiplied a hundredfold.

ART NOTES.

The leaders of political and social life in this generation will find themselves more adequately represented than were their forerunners, thanks to the energy of Mr. Dickinson (New Bond Street). The members of the Marylebone Cricket Club (at an interval of a quarter of a century), the incidents of Henley, the "dry bobs" and "wet bobs" of Eton—and other public schools—have at various times been arranged in pictures, reproduced in engravings, of which the chief merit is the fidelity of the likenesses. Mr. Dickinson's latest venture is more ambitious, representing the interior of the House of Lords during the historic debate on the second reading of the Irish Home Rule Bill. Lord Salisbury is addressing the House, which on the occasion was more than usually well filled, so that the artist has had ample opportunity of handing down to posterity the faces and attitudes of nearly every peer of political notoriety living

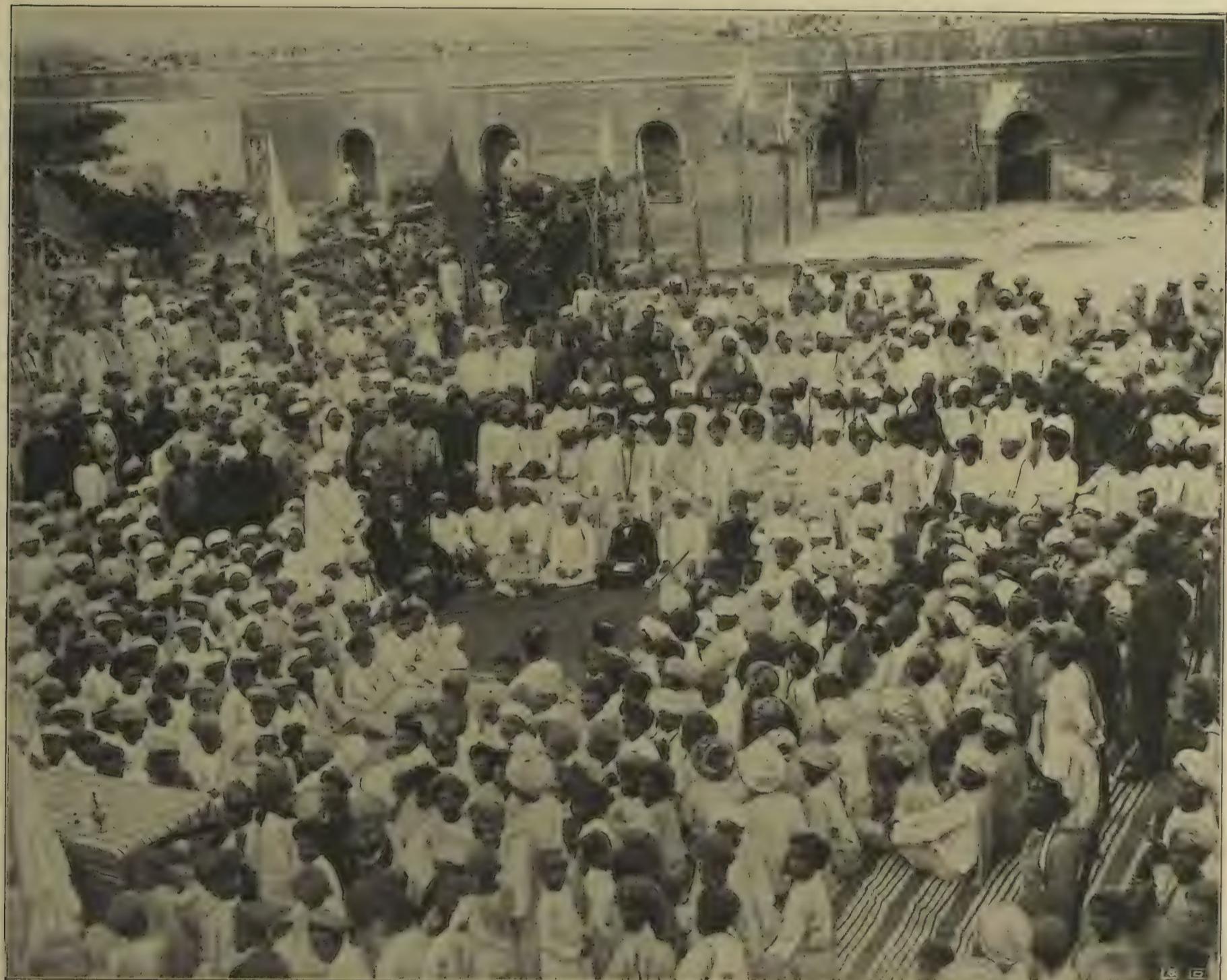
State is voted for students who wish to profit by foreign travel and foreign masters, and that modern Paris art can be best studied in its *pays d'origine*. The rules under which the Royal Academy grants its travelling studentships are much more elastic, and, at the same time, more stringent. The student has to give direct proof of his diligence by sending copies of the works which most attract him on his travels, but he is allowed absolute freedom in the choice of his sketching-ground—which may be Holland or Venice, Rome or Madrid, or even Paris, should his fancy lead him no further afield. There is, as we know, a nominal English school at Rome founded for the benefit of Academy students, but not one painter or sculptor out of ten who goes to Rome ever discovers it, and still fewer make use of it.

The British School at Athens at length seems to have aroused an interest which has shown itself in the shape of pecuniary assistance. A year ago attention was called in these columns to the disadvantages under which our fellow-countrymen pursuing their studies in Greece laboured

PEACE-MAKING AT PATAN.

The town of Somnath Patan is an historical one. It was there that Mahomet of Gizni attacked the stronghold of Hindu religion, and returned with great treasure after looting the Temple of Somnath.

Since that time the glories of Patan have departed, but underlying its whole life there has ever remained a permanent, or what looked like a permanent, enmity between the followers of the two religions. This enmity has led to many brawls, the last of which took place three years ago, and ultimately developed into serious rioting in Bombay and elsewhere. In the midst of this growing animosity between the Mohammedans and Hindus of India, it is greatly to the credit of the officers of the Junagadh State, under whose jurisdiction Patan lies, that a way has been found through their exertions to what appears to be a final extinction of the feud. Taking the example of the leading Hindu and Mohammedan subjects of His Highness



A PEACE-MAKING BETWEEN THE HINDU AND MOHAMMEDAN POPULATIONS OF PATAN, IN THE PROVINCE OF KATHIAWAR, INDIA.

at the time; and very well he has succeeded in his difficult task. For those to whom the protagonists of politics have no interest, Mr. Dickinson has produced a group of the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron at the landing-stage of the Castle at Cowes, in which the German Emperor, the Prince of Wales, Admiral Montagu, and others are conspicuous.

There is a general outcry in the Paris art world to abolish the Prix de Rome, or at any rate to modify the conditions under which the winners are expected to work. The original idea was to enable promising young artists to make themselves acquainted with the works of the painters and sculptors of the Renaissance. Under some fatal influence, the Villa Medicis soon became the headquarters of a body of young men who display the results of their studies of Italian art by sending to Paris pale reflections of the most conventional French art. The fear of being classed among the *démodés*, as the masters of the past are regarded, causes the French students in Rome to devote their time to trying to catch the passing whims of the Parisian public, instead of endeavouring to draw inspiration from the masterpieces of the public and private galleries of the Italian capital. Naturally, a good many persons are saying that the money of the

when compared with archaeologists of other nations, and whilst important excavations were being made under the French, German, and American Schools, we were forced to hold aloof. The appeal subsequently made by the Prince of Wales, who warmly interested himself in the work of the British School, was answered by the public, by the Universities, and also by the Government, although in the last case the money provided will not be available until the present year. Out of the money received, however, the Committee are able to report that the number of studentships has been increased, that excavations have been undertaken with valuable results at Melos, and that the efficiency of the school itself as a teaching centre has been greatly increased. The excavations going on at Athens itself under the direction of the Hellenic Government offer inexhaustible materials for study and discussion; and the recent revolution in the theory of the actual site of the older city has for the moment made Athens the chief centre of interest. Although the income of the British School has been much improved during the past year, it nevertheless contrasts unfavourably with the schools maintained almost exclusively by State grants, and there is therefore all the more reason that the British reputation for self-support and self-reliance should be upheld by private subscriptions and donations.

the Thakor Sahib of Gondal, the Hindu and Mohammedan subjects of Patan have together signed a deed promising that they will henceforth live together in amity and goodwill. Our illustration shows the Mohammedan and Hindu representatives of Patan assembled on May 21 last for the purpose of presenting an address to Vazir Sahib Bahudin upon the successful termination of this treaty of peace. The occasion was celebrated with considerable ceremony. The Vazir's entry into Patan was very impressive. His carriage contained himself, Mr. Turkhud, Educational Inspector, and Mr. Parshothamrai the Naib Dewan. At the gate of Patan the carriage was stopped by the throng, and so great also was the gratitude of the Mohammedans that they crowded round to kiss the hands of the Vazir, even after progress was renewed. Through the narrow streets the journey was very slowly accomplished, and as the procession passed along, the Hindu and Mohammedan women, who could not go out into the streets, showered down flowers from their windows.

It is to be hoped that Patan has now left its years of depression behind. If the peace-making is loyally remembered and its principles faithfully observed in the future its effects cannot fail to be highly beneficial to the civilisation of Patan and the neighbouring country.



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: TORPEDO ACTION BETWEEN THE "THETIS" AND LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER BARRY'S SECOND DIVISION OF TORPEDO-BOATS OFF THE LONGSHIPS.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant-Commander Barry, H.M.S. "Seagull,"



THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES: VIEW OF THE BOW OF H.M.S. "REPULSE" IN A HEAD SEA OFF THE IRISH COAST.

THE LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

I have just been interviewing a dress of exceeding cheapness and exceeding charm, and, as this is a combination rare exceedingly, it certainly deserves to be chronicled with respect and affection. Its component



A GOODWOOD GOWN.

parts—as a chemist might observe—are grass lawn, esprit net, and black satin ribbon. I think I can trust you to realise its elegance by a glance at its picture, which appears on this page. The skirt, you see, is striped from waist to hem, and the small puffs of the sleeves are treated in a similar fashion; and these are cut very shallow in the front and display a wrinkled sleeve of the fine net which makes the loose bodice mounted over cream-coloured glacé silk, which is the only extravagance in the entire dress. Round the waist is a belt of black satin ribbon with little ends of lace tucked into the tied bow at one side. The materials for the whole costume might be bought for three pounds; and, as the bodice is loose, it might be entrusted to the charge of a comparatively inexperienced dressmaker, who, to my mind, should never be permitted to attempt a tight-fitting bodice, her seams have so indiscreet a habit of revealing their amateur manipulation. The other dress my artist met at Goodwood, and this was made of a printed batiste trimmed with white embroidery, with an under-bodice of white batiste hanging full over a corset belt. The frilled hat was of white muslin, and had a white bird sitting comfortably in the centre of its double bows. The printed batiste is rather a pleasing fabric; especially may this be said of those of the finest quality which show dainty little flowered patterns. They may be allowed to make the simplest morning dress, and relied upon to do their duty to perfection. Take, for instance, one of those printed muslin batistes to which I alluded last week as good fabrics for shirts, and have a shirt made of it, and the skirt to match, trimmed on the hem with three gathered flounces edged with a narrow coarse lace; round the waist a white kid belt may be worn; and linen collar and cuffs form the finishing touch at neck and wrist. Such a dress made in pale blue and white alternating in squares, with little pink rose-buds disporting themselves upon the white surface, and crowned with a white chip hat trimmed with pale blue ribbon and an erect bunch of pink roses at one side, with rosettes of the blue ribbon beneath the brim at the back would, I guarantee, be fit to take its place with honour amongst the most elaborate frocks ever designed by the most extravagant artist, always, be it understood, if such a dress were worn by a tall, slim figure. Diaphanous stuffs should not be adopted by anyone with the least tendency towards an excessive outline above, below, or round the waist.

At last I have seen a linen skirt for bicycling which seemed to me to be of practical value. It was made by Viola, of Albemarle Street, on his best divided principle, and an apron front sewed securely down to the side-seams, and it was of a light grey colour; the simple coat to match had one of these printed batiste skirts in mauve and white; the whole effect was excellent. But, of course, a linen coat is somewhat of a superfluity. When it is hot enough to wear a linen coat, it is hot enough to dispense with a coat altogether. However, the stout woman may be advised to consider the linen coat seriously, and she will

find that, if she has it made in one with a tight-fitting waistcoat of white piqué or drill securely sewn into the side-seams, it will be pre-eminently becoming. I can imagine it, for instance, in cornflower blue linen completing the skirt of blue serge or of the blue linen with a tight waistcoat of holland coloured drill fastened with small white pearl buttons; it would be a great success. It is as well to cut the jacket just to cover the saddle, and it must be remembered that the basque must be guileless of fullness, and the collar and sleeves of the diminutive order. The white linen skirt for bicycling has special charms if the proposed journey is of limited dimensions and the good conduct of the weather guaranteed. And, alas! I suppose I must recognise the white boot, for it insists upon putting in its appearance everywhere. The bicyclist and the mere idler, alike, are yielding to its charms. Made in buckskin, however, and punched to discretion, it is a luxury which may cost some three guineas. However, more or less amiable manufacturers have placed an ordinary white shoe within the reach of the proletariat by labelling it at some 1s. 9d., and an even cheaper variety may be discovered in white canvas with kid toe-caps. But, under all the circumstances, it really is not advisable for any but the woman of small feet to try them thus far.

There is little news of real fashion just now; everyone who has packed up their traps and is off abroad may be found realising the charms of the high light chiffon bodice elaborately decked with insertions of lace or frillings, Irish and Maltese being the most favourable varieties of lace; and the economical of us are gazing on our evening skirts, imploring them to submit amiably to a visit to the cleaners, and do us service for yet another month. And, Providence be praised, it has been universally accepted that the light-coloured bodice worn with a black skirt does not arrive at the acme of elegance for summer wear—the light skirt is really indispensable, and its material can, of course, be easily guided by the individual purse.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

It is not every day that one has an opportunity of seeing three queens (to be) sitting in a row—in fact, it sounds rather like "Alice in Wonderland." Many Londoners, however, have enjoyed it during the past week, since the Princess of Wales, accompanied by her guests, the Crown Princess of Denmark and the Crown Princess of Greece (Duchess of Sparta) have been to the theatre almost every night. This reveals touchingly the destination of Athens and Copenhagen in dramatic interest! I saw the three royal ladies side by side at the Criterion. The Princess of Wales was in black silk grenadine, cut square in front, and brightened by a collar of diamonds so wide and so tight that it might have been tying on her pretty twenty-five-year-old-looking head. The Duchess of Sparta was in low-cut white satin, draped and puffed-sleeved with white mousseline-de-soie, sprinkled closely with gold spangles. The Danish Crown Princess wore a brilliant red gown.

It is amazing how young and charming the Princess of Wales still looks. There is a rather droll testimony to her beauty in the fact that all the royal ladies related to her copy her very individualistic way of doing her hair. That "curled-all-over" fashion that is so becoming to the Princess of Wales, with the neat style of dressing high and close to the shape at the back of the head, is precisely imitated not only by her own daughters, but also by the Duchess of York, and (as I saw on the occasion referred to) by the Duchess of Sparta and the Crown Princess of Greece. Now, as we all know, that style is peculiar to the Princess of Wales, who adheres to it as steadily while fashion's changes surge around as she did to the close-setting "Princess" bonnets while the average bonnet mounted two feet skyward a few years ago. It is amusing, therefore, to see how other royal ladies, even if of only half her years, make her their supreme arbiter in matters of taste, their model in questions of toilette.

Her Majesty the Queen has been asked to act as arbitrator in the frontier dispute between the Argentine and Chilian Republics, and has accepted the task. Queen Christina of Spain also has been solicited and has consented to undertake a similar task in another case. What could be a more suitable task for royal women than thus securing peace?

Queen Amélie of Portugal, the daughter of the late Comte de Paris, is evidently not a commonplace personage. She began the study of medicine over a year ago, being moved to do so by the pain she had suffered from her absolute ignorance of such subjects while helping to nurse her father. Her Majesty has already passed the first one of the ordinary students' examinations. She has now been

taking a great interest in the new photography, and by means of the Röntgen rays has taken portraits of some girls with fashionably distorted waists, so as to be able by a comparison with a natural skeleton to show her Court ladies how much they push themselves out of shape.

Medical women seem to be almost as much wanted in Russia as in India. There are whole tracts of country where no sort of medical attendance or skilled nursing is available, and where a business-like woman who would in some measure combine the direction of the nursing with the actual medical advice would be invaluable. Schools of Medicine for women existed in Russia up to the beginning of the last reign, and were discontinued by imperial order in the course of the great reaction that followed on the Emperor Alexander's murder. The young Czarina has now used her influence to have a Women's Medical School reconstituted, and a large grant from the public funds has just been announced for this purpose.

How would the round world ring again with laughter if a body of women meeting in Congress had spent the time in the disorder, disobedience to the chair, and confused "all talking together" of the Socialist Congress! Hardly enough notice has been given to the orderly, business-like way in which more than one great congress of women has recently been conducted. At the annual congress of the Women's Liberal Federation in June there were a thousand women assembled. Many of the subjects discussed caused intense difference of opinion, as, for instance, whether the local branches should or should not work for candidates opposed to women's suffrage, on which topic the congress proved to be nearly equally divided; but all through the business was conducted with order and in perfect Parliamentary form.

According to the report of the Inspector-General of Bankruptcy, there were 458 women bankrupts last year. The total number of men failing to meet their liabilities is as many thousands as there are hundreds of women. But no conclusion can be drawn thence, inasmuch as there is no means of knowing how large a proportion of men to women are trading. Indeed, more than a quarter of the women bankrupts were "occupation unmentioned," meaning probably that they were not women in business at all, but those who had incomes, small or large, without working for them, who had drifted into debt. Of the business women, 45 were milliners and dressmakers, 35 drapers, 28 publicans, 16 tobacconists, 12 schoolmistresses, and 20 lodging-house keepers.

Very shocking is the story of the poor little girl of fourteen, Louisa Evans, who was made to descend in a parachute from a balloon on a windy, unfavourable day, and fell into the Bristol Channel and lost her life. The tale becomes more pitifully tragic still when the Doctor records that the poor child was probably insensible from terror or the force of the wind before she reached the water. A child of that age has no power to protect herself against the cupidity of parents and guardians, and ought to be sheltered under the protecting arm of the law. Such exhibitions of danger are always, indeed, as low and



A SEASIDE FROCK.

demoralising as the bull-fights of Spain; but quite an added atrocity is present when gaping crowds indulge themselves with the spectacle of a poor child of fourteen being thus exposed to the risk of death to make a holiday. It is to be hoped that somebody will be made responsible in this case.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 2, 1895), with a codicil (dated Jan. 15, 1896), of the Most Hon. John Alexander, Marquis of Bath, of Longleat, Warminster, Wilts, and No. 48, Berkeley Square, who died on April 24 at Venice, was proved on July 24 by the Right Hon. John Robert William, Viscount de Vesci, and Michael Hugh Shaw Stewart, M.P., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £272,049. The testator gives £3000, his leasehold house, 48, Berkeley Square, with the furniture and contents thereof (but not plate), all his jewellery, certain furniture and effects at Longleat, and such of his carriages and horses as she may select, to his wife, Frances Isabella, Marchioness of Bath; an annuity of £100 to Augustine Baup, the governess of his daughters, and £900 to his late valet. He gives all money on current or deposit accounts at the Old Bank, Shrewsbury, and the Capital and Counties Bank, Warminster, all moneys in the hands of his agents, his shares in the Snailbeach Lead Mining Company, the Snailbeach District Railway Company, the Frome Market Company, the Frome Publishing and Standard Newspaper Company, the Cheddar Gas Company, the Warminster Gas Company, and the Warminster Gazette Newspaper Company, the Live and Dead Agricultural and Garden Stock, the remainder of his carriages, horses, wines, and consumable stores, to his son Lord Weymouth, now the Marquis of Bath. Under the authority of his marriage settlement he charges the hereditaments conveyed to the trustees with the payment of £20,000, which he appoints to his daughters, Lady Alice Emma Shaw Stewart, Lady Katherine Georgina Louisa Thynne, and Lady Beatrice Thynne, in equal shares. All his money and securities for money, and the remainder of his investments, including a sum of £50,000 under his marriage settlement (subject to the payment thereof of £1000 per annum to his wife), he leaves upon trust to pay certain debts, his funeral and testamentary expenses, including estate duty on everything passing under his will, and then to pay £3000 per annum to his wife, in addition to what she is already entitled to under settlement; £800 per annum to his son Lord Alexander George Thynne, until such time as he shall succeed to the estates devised by the will of Berich Botfield; £350 per annum to his agent Henry Parr Jones; and on the death of his wife £1200 per annum each to his daughters, Lady Katherine and Lady Beatrice Thynne, whilst unmarried. On the respective marriages of his last



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"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE IS HOPE."—FRANK BRAMLEY, A.R.A.

Exhibited in the Royal Academy.

named daughters £15,000 out of such trust funds is to be settled on each of them in lieu of her annuity. The residue of such trust funds are to follow the trusts of his real estate. He devises all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold property to his eldest son Lord Weymouth for life, and then to his male issue, whether children or remoter issue, as he shall by will or codicil appoint. The residue of his personal estate (if any) he gives to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated June 25, 1890), with four codicils (dated April 11, 1892, March 8, 1893, and April 9 and Aug. 7, 1895), of Mr. William Debenham, of the Priory, Nevill Park, Tunbridge Wells, who died on April 26, was proved on June 25 by Frank Debenham, the brother, Cyrus Daniell and Samuel Debenham, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £147,023. The testator bequeaths £2000 to the Middlesex Hospital, and a further £1000 for the purposes of the proposed Convalescent Home,

Mary Debenham. On her decease the sum of £40,000 is to be held upon trust to pay £5000 to the Church Extension Association, for the general purposes of the Orphanage of Mercy (Randolph Gardens); £10,000 to the People's Palace (East London); £1000 each to the Church Mission Society for Africa and the East, the Cancer Hospital (Brompton), the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest at Ventnor, the Royal Life-Boat Institution, the National Refuges for the Homeless and Destitute (Shaftesbury Avenue), the National Benevolent Institution, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; £10,000 as his wife shall by deed or will appoint; and the remainder thereof for such educational purposes, technical or otherwise, in England, as his executors in their absolute and uncontrolled discretion shall by deed, under seal, declare, direct, and appoint, such deed to be executed by them within

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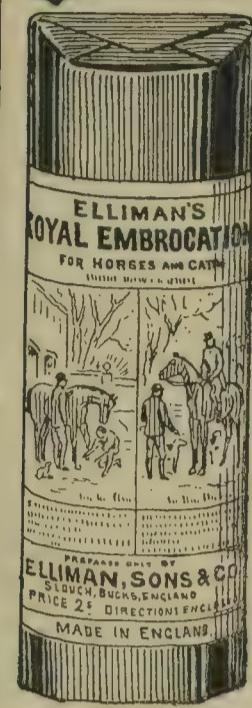
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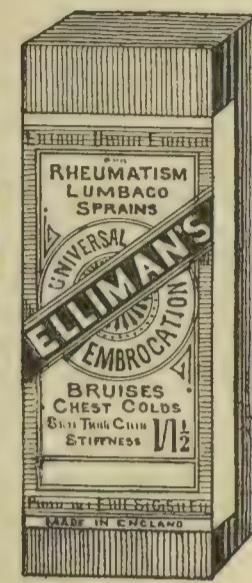
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twelve months after the death of his wife. The residue of his property is to go to his next-of-kin, according to the statute for the distribution of an intestate's effects.

The will (dated July 31, 1890), with five codicils (dated July 31 and July 31, 1890; April 18 and Nov. 13, 1891; and Feb. 15, 1895), of Sir John Pender, K.C.M.G., M.P., of 18, Arlington Street, Footh Cray Place, Kent, and Middleton Hall, Linlithgow, who died on July 7, was proved on July 28 by John Denison Pender, the son, Admiral Lord John Hay, G.C.B., and Richard Enfield, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £348,179. The testator bequeaths £50,000 to his son, John Denison Pender; £100 and an annuity of £120 to his sister, Mary Renwick; £100 each to his sisters, Marion Reid, Elizabeth Wake, and Christina Duncanson; £2000 to Lord John Hay; £100 each to his executors; £2000 to his grandson, Henry Denison Pender; £1000 each to the children of his daughter, Lady des Vaux, ten dozen of wine each to Lord John Hay and Sir William des Vaux; £150 upon trust to pay £5 yearly to Wellington College to continue the prize given by his late wife, and legacies to servants. His presentation and gold plate he leaves upon trust for his son, James Pender, and the remainder of his plate, pictures, busts, diamonds, and articles of virtu, he specifically bequeaths among his children. Under the provisions of the several indentures of settlement executed in the lifetime of his wife, he appoints the real estate mentioned therein to his son, John Denison Pender, and the remainder of the trust funds are to be divided into 158 parts; 54 of such parts are to go to his son, John Denison Pender, 54 parts upon trust for his daughter, Lady des Vaux, and the remaining 50 parts upon trust for his daughter, Anne Denison Pender. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to divide the same into 405 parts, of which 227 parts are to be held, upon trust, for his son James Pender, 123 parts, upon trust, for his son John Denison Pender, 50 parts, upon trust, for his daughter Lady Marion Denison des Vaux, and the remaining five parts, upon trust, for his daughter Anne Denison Pender. The legacy of

£50,000 to his son John is to be brought into account at the distribution of his estate.

The will (dated May 28, 1894) of Mr. John Brandram Peele, of Childown Hall, Chertsey, who died on March 16, was proved on July 24 by Charles John Peele and the Rev. Henry Evan Brandram Peele, the sons, and Miss Adela Helen Peele, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £87,502. The testator gives £100 to his godson Thomas Peele Brandram, and subject thereto he leaves all his real and personal estate between his children in equal shares.

The will of Sir Thomas Galbraith Logan, K.C.B., honorary physician to the Queen, of 5, Cambridge Square, formerly of 40, Hyde Park Square, who died on June 11, was proved on July 27 by Dame Christina Mary Ruth Logan, the relict and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £8924 0s. 10d.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the office of the Commissariot of Perthshire, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated April 5, 1889) of Major-General John Agmondisham Vesey Kirkland, Adjutant-General of the Royal Company of Archers, of Wester Fordel, Glenfarg, N.B., who died on March 24, granted to Mrs. Isabella Elizabeth Kirkland, the widow, Alexander David Martin Black, and William Agmondisham Vesey D'Urban Kirkland, the son, the surviving executors nominate, was re-sealed in London on July 24, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £54,820.

The will of Mr. Joseph Armitage Wade, of Eastgate House, Hornsea, York, who died on March 3, was proved on July 21 by Harold North Wade, the son, and Alfred Arnold Kingdon, two of the executors, the gross value of the personal estate being £15,200.

The will (dated June 23, 1893) of Mrs. Prudence Penelope Cavendish-Bentinck, widow of the late Right Hon. G. A. F. Cavendish-Bentinck, of 3, Spanish Place, Manchester Square, who died on June 22, was proved on July 22 by William George Cavendish-Bentinck, the son,

and John Arthur James, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £2854. The testatrix gives her portraits, pictures, busts, and silver plate to her son William George Cavendish-Bentinck for life, and then to his eldest son. The residue of her property she leaves between his children William George Cavendish-Bentinck, William George Frederick Cavendish-Bentinck, and Mrs. Mary Venetia James.

The will of Vice-Admiral William Henry Cuming, of Breamore, Southampton, who died on May 8, was proved on July 20 by Mrs. Mary Cuming, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7327.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The most important step taken by the Wesleyan Conference at its present meetings has been the passing of a resolution in favour of the modification of the three years' itinerancy. The itinerancy is said still to answer well in rural districts and in small towns. It fails, however, to some extent in places like London, where preachers only become known after a considerable time, where the population is shifting, and where in order to maintain large congregations it is necessary that the same minister should appear week by week in the pulpit. The resolution was passed by a majority of two to one, and although in a conservative body like the Wesleyans changes take effect slowly, there is no reason to doubt that its results will be ultimately of grave importance. The Unitarians of Liverpool sent a friendly message to the Wesleyan Conference, and the Bishop of the diocese attended the luncheon given by the Governors of the Leys School, in order to express his appreciation of Methodist work, and his devotion to Protestant principles.

Canon Barnett has addressed an interesting and weighty letter to the editor of the *Times*, protesting against children's monster day treats. He says that they fail as a means of health owing to the length and heat of the

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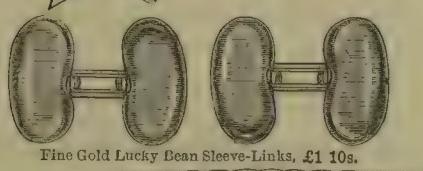
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journey to and fro, excessive indulgence in unwholesome food, and undue excitement. The pleasure, such as it is, is "that which is given by drink." The children lose their self-control, they shout and scream, they quarrel and fight for the best places in the carriages, they ill-treat the donkeys, the frogs, and the crabs, and they return home dishevelled, cross, and ashamed." Canon Barnett thinks that it is far better to send the children of the really poor for a fortnight's stay in the country, lodging them with the cottagers, and giving them a chance of playing in wood and meadow, and rambling through leafy lanes. It is found, however, in practice that it is not easy to give up this annual outing. Many Sunday-schools are said to depend upon it for their very existence.

Bishop Cleveland Coxe, of Western New York, who died recently, was a man of influence in America, and although he protested against ritualism, was originally in the van of the Church revival. He was the author of a book entitled "Christian Ballads."

Dean Farrar is to preach in the pro-cathedral at Liverpool on the occasion of the visit of the British Association in September.

An Episcopal church in New Jersey has given an extraordinary entertainment with a view of raising funds for the church. The entertainment was in the chapel, which was crowded, the front seats being filled by young men. It consisted in several young ladies taking their turns behind

a screen or curtain which fell to within eight inches of the floor, so as to discover little more than the bare feet of the young lady behind it. The young men were told that they might bid to take to supper the lady whose feet most strongly appealed to their sense of the beautiful. Thus the highest bidder would have the honour and happiness of escorting the lady to supper, and at the same time contribute to the fund that the society was trying to raise. One lovely pair of feet succeeded another, and the church fund was rapidly enriched.

A new electric organ has been placed in Worcester Cathedral at a cost of £3000. The new instrument was heard to great advantage at the dedication and formal opening, when the Mayor (Earl Beauchamp) and Corporation attended in state.

The chapel for the Leeds Clergy School, erected as a memorial to the late Rev. George Fowler, Principal from 1887 to 1891, has been dedicated by the Bishop of Ripon. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Truro on "The Apostolic Succession." He told a story of a son of Leeds who died a fortnight ago in London. He was in a poor district, with a body worn out by ceaseless toil, with a constitution sapped by pastoral zeal. He watched by the bed of a sick boy, who refused all food and medicine except at the hand of this young curate. Two nights this Leeds man sat up by that beside, and at last the sacrifice was completed. The boy lived; the priest died. V.

NEW MUSIC.

The "English Series of Original Songs" recently issued by Weekes and Co. should meet with general approval. No. 1, "Fire that must flame," from the gifted pen of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, is a setting of words from Thomas Campion's Third Book of Airs (circ. 1617). It is a charming air quite in the old English style. The next, "O fondest and truest" (words by Thomas Bridges), by Professor C. Villiers Stanford, is equally quaint and pretty; while No. 3, "I love her," by Arthur Somervell, is a simple and pleasing setting of nice words by Mark Collet. There are others in preparation by well-known composers, and the series is edited by J. R. Courtenay Gale and Charlton T. Speer.

Pianists will like the "Four English Dances" by F. H. Cowen, published by Novello, Ewer, and Co. They are not too difficult, and make very acceptable pieces for the drawing-room. The cantata for female voices entitled "The Rose of Life," by the same composer, is full of the melodious music Mr. Cowen knows so well how to write. The pretty words are by Clifton Bingham. A more elaborate work is "The Romance of the Roses," a cantata for soprano and tenor, chorus, and orchestra, words by Ellis Walton, music by Oliver King. It is well written, and contains two or three attractive solos.

Joseph Williams is the publisher of Frederic H. Cowen's three latest efforts. Very graceful and full of tender

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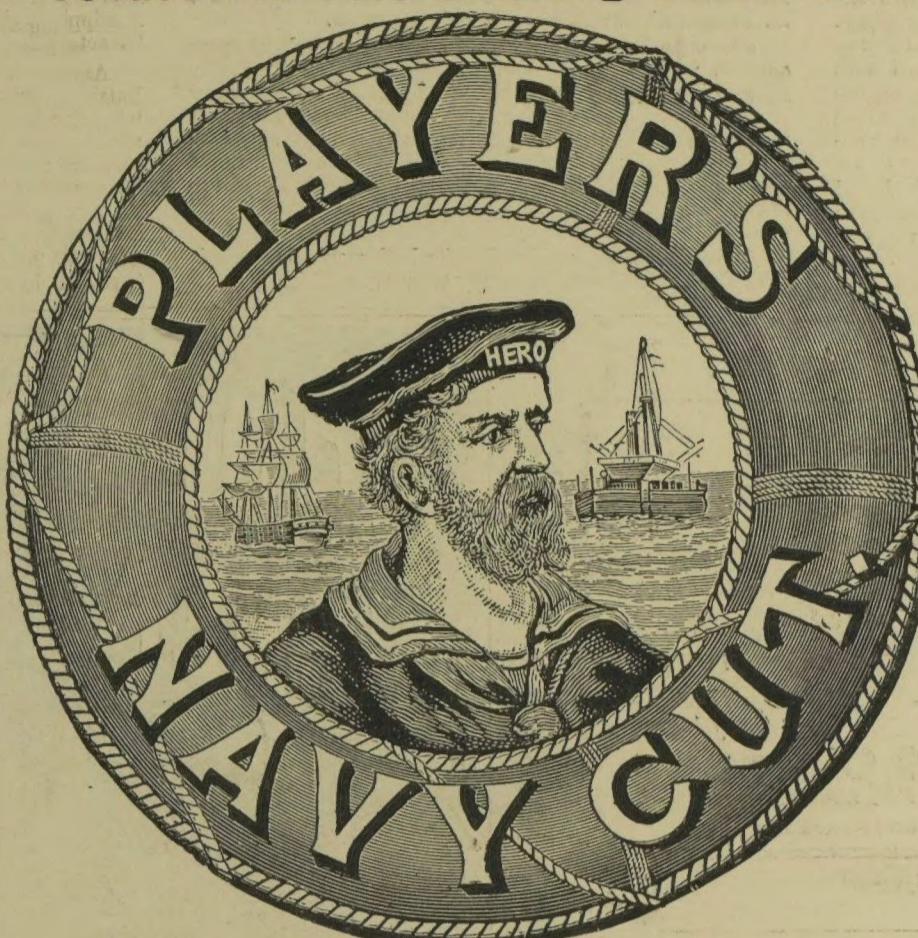
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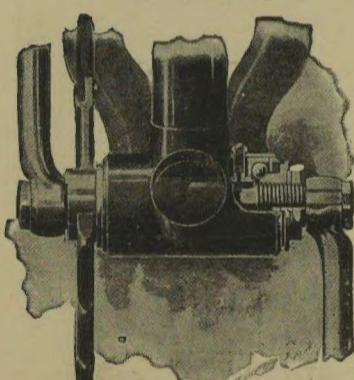
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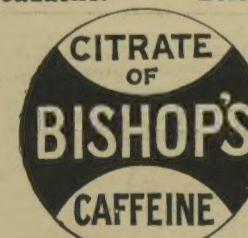
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charm is his setting of "The Time of Roses," and a good contrast to this will be found in "To the Night," a passionate song full of deep sentiment. Both have German words as well as English. The other, also with German words, is a fine setting of Mrs. Hemans's poem "The Broken Flower." These three songs are far above the average, and are quite worthy of their gifted composer. Mdlle. Chaminade's admirers will welcome "The Hour of Mystery" and "Under your Window," which are both attractive, though they are a trifle below this talented song-writer's usual standard. F. Pascal's "Scandinavian Sketches" and Olaf Petersen's "Volkstanz" make good pieces for piano.

"Tatters," by Gerald Lane, is pleasing, and should become popular. A useful publication is "The Recitation Music Series," which include a dozen well-known poems with appropriate music composed by Stanley Hawley. The plan adopted for engraving these recitations renders it easy

for the reciter to keep time with the music, and amateurs will welcome the idea. For the pianoforte we have "Three Nocturnes," by Graham P. Moore; "Foglie d'Album," four pieces by Arrigo Bocchi; "Romance sans Paroles," by Arthur Godfrey; "Grande Valse Brillante," by Angelo Mascheroni; and "Boreas," a galop de concert, by Arthur H. Bonser, all of which can be recommended.

From Ascherberg and Co. we have received an opera entitled "Adela," composed by Frederick Tolkien. The libretto, which is cleverly written, tells a sensational story of love, hatred, and jealousy, and the music throughout is melodious without, however, revealing any signs of distinct originality. "Sardanapalus," a dramatic musical poem, for which William Akerman and Franco Leoni are responsible, is a musically work full of good sound writing. The words are pretty.

Frank L. Moir is responsible for both words and music of "O'er Sky and Sea," a breezy song from Keith, Prowse

and Co., who also send us "Think of Me," a tender love-song by L. Denza. The last-named composer is successful, too, in "A Welcome" (words by Ellis Walton), which is replete with vivaciousness and tuneful charm. Clifton Bingham's sentimental lines, "In Tears, Sweetheart," have full justice done to them by Alfred Redhead. A tripping pianoforte solo is Cuthbert Clark's "Pizzicato Caractristique."

Among other music received for review are "The Battle Morn," by G. Villa, a stirring soldier's ballad; "Soldier Boys," a good military song by Haydn Grover; "Yes, Love, Yes," a song by Winifred Greville, with an effective waltz refrain (all published by Rossini and Co.); "Annamirel," a graceful Tyrolienne for piano, by Leonard Gautier (published by B. Williams); and a couple of attractively written songs by Charles Mawson-Marks entitled, "Room in Heaven" and "The Vision of Tears" (published by G. Ricordi and Co.).

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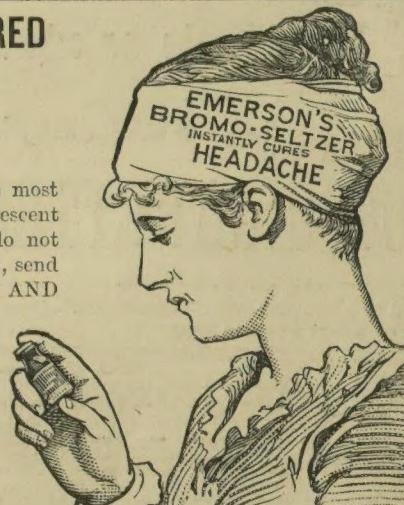
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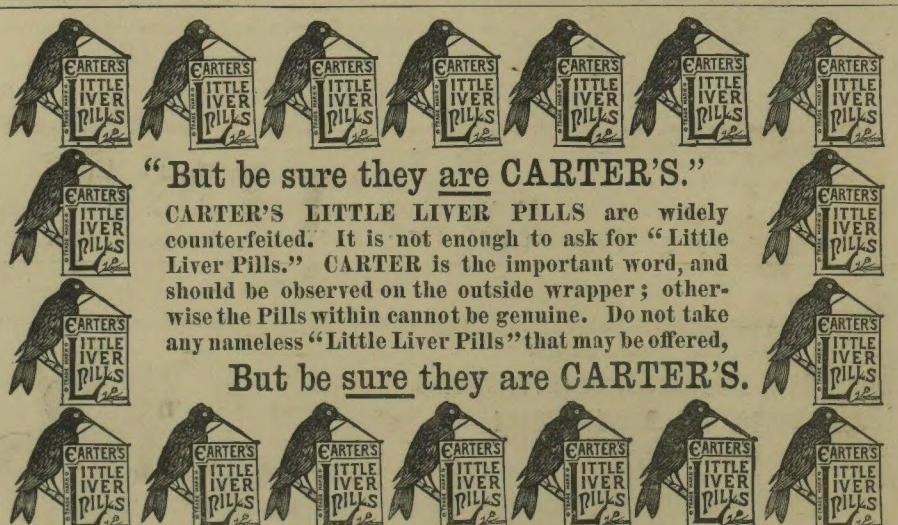
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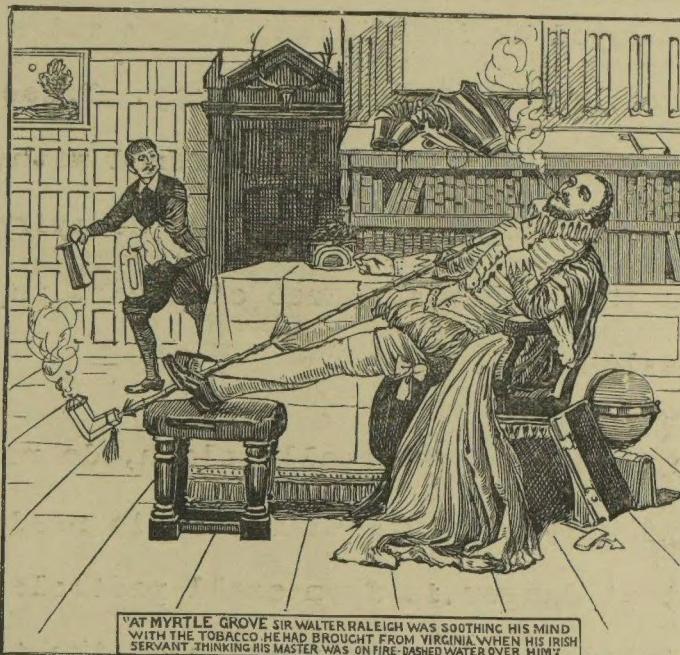
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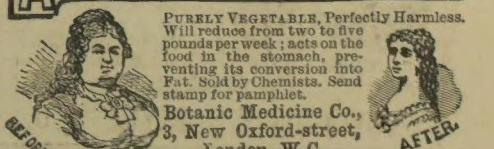
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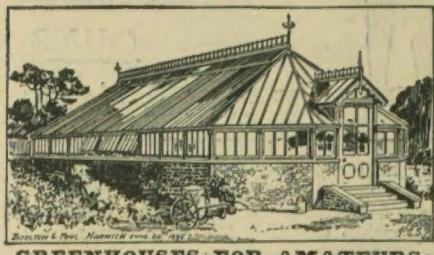
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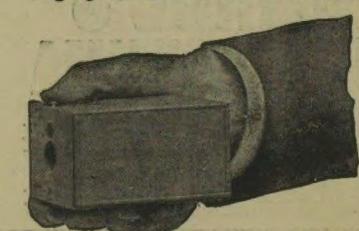
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